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McKean County Miner.

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ANOTHER PAVEMENT PROPOSITION

To Be Brought Before the Attention of the Voters April 14th.

NEW ORDINANCE ASSURES PAVING

of Main Street for Such Distance, Width, etc., as the Funds Raised Will Allow—Looks Like the Best Plan for Paving.

On Tuesday, April 14th, the citizens of Smethport will have another opportunity to express their sentiments upon the paving question. The borough council have become convinced that the street cannot be payed according to the plans which received the endorsement of an overwhelming majority of Smethport voters last summer, and submit a proposition that will allow for the paving of the street, while keeping within the amount of funds which can be raised for that purpose.

At a meeting of the borough council last Friday night the following ordinance was approved and arrangements made for the purpose of holding an election April 14th, to obtain the consent of the voters to increase the bonded indebtedness of the borough as set forth in the ordinance. Both the ordinance and election notice appear in other columns of to-day's paper, but for the benefit of busy readers the ordinance is herewith quoted:

"Section 1. To improve the condition of Main Street, or a portion thereof, in the Borough of Smethport, and at the proper cost and expense thereof, it is hereby ordained that a suitable pavement shall be constructed and laid upon Main street or such portion thereof as in the judgement of the Burgess and Town Council seem proper, together with such additional paving as is necessary to include the lateral sidewalks over the intersecting streets, and the necessary amount of grading, curbing and drainage incident thereto.

"Section 2. To provide for the cost and expense of constructing such pavement the Town Council desires to increase the bonded indebtedness of the said Borough of Smethport in the sum of $31,645.60, or so much thereof as may be necessary to defray the cost of such construction which sum will increase the indebtedness of said Borough to more than two, but less than seven per centum of the last assessed valuation thereof) provided, the assent of the electors of said Borough can be had to such increase of bonded indebtedness, at an election to be held, as shall be hereafter prescribed by resolution of the Council and notice to the electors.

"All former paving ordinances are hereby repealed."

The percentage of the actual net increase in the bonded indebtedness of said $31,645.60 is ascertained to be .060044 of the last adjusted valuation of said borough.

The members of the borough council have hit upon the most sensible plan of suiting the great number of people who wish to have Main street paved without further delay. There is little reason to doubt but that the proposition will receive the favorable vote of a large majority of Smethport's citizens, and so it should. Then the council can go ahead with the matter, and within a very short time work could be under way.

There is so much to be said in favor and so little against that more words are useless. Let's all vote favorably on this question and have Main street paved.

Sawdust Considered a Poison.

State Fish Commissioner Meehan has instructed his wardens that hereafter sawdust will be considered a "poison" under section 26 of the act of 1901, relative to the polution of streams, and that they prosecute all persons who pollute streams with this substance.

Sawdust in the streams is a source of constant annoyance to the wardens who have streams in lumber regions under their surveillance, and there is scarcely a district in Pennsylvania which is not more or less affected. Many mills get rid of sawdust by dumping it into streams; and it kills the fish by choking up their gills.

Only one law was ever passed directly bearing upon this matter, and that one is nearly a century old, and according to Commissioner Meehan, does not cover the ground.

The Spring Term of the Clarion State Normal School opens Mar. 24. The Winter term, now closing, had the largest attendance in the history of Winter Terms. The dormitory capacity is being increased and everything points to an unusually prosperous Spring Term. Exceptional advantages at a low rate. Write for catalog. J. George Becht, Principal.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Death of Mrs. Ann Reilly.

Mrs. Ann Reilly, widow of the late Andrew Reilly, died at her home on Franklin street, Smethport, Monday afternoon, March 9, 1908, of ills incidental to old age. She was aged nearly 76 years.

Mrs. Reilly and her late husband were prominently identified with the history of this community during the last forty or fifty years. In their different fields they were constantly striving for the good of the town and its people. Mrs. Reilly was always a tireless and conscientious worker for the interests and upbuilding of St. Elizabeth's church, of which she was a devout member for many years. In charitable plans and entertainments for the advancement of any worthy cause her aid could always be counted upon to the very furthest extremity of her ability. Her kindly and sympathetic personality endeared her to one and all with whom she came in contact. She was a friend who could be relied upon in time of sickness or trouble, ever ready to care for the suffering or comfort the sorrowful. She won universal respect and admiration and her taking away, while not entirely unexpected, was a sad shock to the community and her death will long be mourned with sincere sorrow.

Mrs. Reilly's maiden name was Ann Bryan. She was born in Wexford, Ireland, on May 1, 1832. When about 12 years of age she came to America with a sister and they resided in Pittsburg for several years. Later she lived in Philadelphia where she became acquainted with Andrew Reilly and in 1862 they were married, coming to McKean county and settling upon a farm in Reilly Hollow, Keating township, where they lived for many years. About 25 years ago Mr. and Mrs. Reilly and family moved into this borough, both being highly esteemed residents until their deaths. Ten children were born to this worthy couple—six sons, Joseph W., Sumner B., James M., Andrew L., Matthew C., and John M.; four daughters, Mary, Mrs. Ann Colin Quinlisk, Mrs. Maggie Daly and Mrs. Emma H. Greer. Of these ten children only Mrs. Daly and Mrs. Greer are living. Five grandchildren, Emmet, Miss Bessie and Paul Quinlisk, and Miss Alice and Robert Daly, also survive to mourn the loss of this truly beloved woman.

The funeral services, which were largely attended, were held at St. Elizabeth's church, Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, the Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating, and a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends followed the remains to their final resting place in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Bradford Burglars.

This morning's Era says: John Setzer, Frank Bannon and William Carr, all of this city, are at the city prison, locked up on the charge of burglary. The first two were arrested about 10 o'clock last night by Officers Mooney and Knight and Constable Spreter, and Carr was taken into custody a little later by Captain Foust and Officer Blake. The young man was at the United States hotel when arrested.

The arrest of Setzer and Bannon was attended with considerable excitement, at the corner of Bennett and School streets, where, it is alleged, the trio were engaged in robbing the residence of James Kenyon.

A. C. Bryant, who lives nearby, saw the men in the house and knowing the owners were away, he phoned to police headquarters and informed the officers that if they would hurry he would hold the thieves. Bryant returned to his home, secured his shotgun, and went out and commanded the men to remain where they were. Setzer and Carr started to run and Bryant, after commanding them to halt, shot at Setzer and that individual received at least a dozen of the bird shot. He continued to run, but was soon caught by Officer Mooney. When he stopped, the prisoner told the officer to hurry to the house as a man was killing his wife there. Officer Mooney went back but took Setzer with him. Setzer's little story availed nothing. In the meantime Bryant had kept Bannon covered with—an empty shotgun. Officer Mooney was joined by Officer Knight and Constable Spreter a few moments later and the two captives were taken to the city prison. Setzer's injuries are not of a serious nature.

When the two were discovered in the Kenyon house, they were engaged in rolling up carpets, presumably to take away.

Setzer, is is reported, has "served time," but the other two, it is said, are comparatively new at the business.

Judging from the past year, there will be great difficulty in securing teachers for the public schools next September. Normal graduates are preferred to all others for the public schools. This should be a sufficient hint to young people who are thinking of being teachers to secure the best training for this great profession. The Lock Haven Normal School affords such training. The spring term begins April 6th.

All pattern hats and trimmed and embroidered hats at cost and in some cases below cost from now until further notice at Mrs. Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store. 5tf

Chances of Fire Discussed.

The recent terrible fire disaster at North Collinwood, Ohio, when nearly two hundred children lost their lives in a burning school building has caused many school districts to inspect their buildings and thousands of parents are wondering how their children are safeguarded against fire. Just at present school boards all over the United States are active in their efforts to protect as fully as possible the pupils in their districts against the ravages of a sudden fire. Of course this zeal is commendable but how long will the activity continue? In nine cases out of ten until the burning horror at North Collinwood has slightly dimmed before the eyes of the great American public, which shows an amazing aptitude to readily forget the most soul-chilling disasters. It is an actual fact that the fire drill is practically unknown in hundreds of schools, and in thousands of others has fallen into disuse. Now there will be a national revival of this important adjunct to school routine, which will last for one, two, possibly three months, and then be discontinued as unnecessary, until another frightful calamity shocks the world.

But to attempt to cure the American public of absent-mindedness is a pretty big contract and perhaps only the local bearing upon the matter should be considered. Comment has been heard, both favorable and adverse, concerning the Smethport school buildings in regard to their construction in case of fire. The shack now used as an annex is, thank goodness, only a temporary structure, and need not be seriously considered at this time.

Taking the construction of the main building from first floor to roof, it would seem that it could be emptied within a very short time, providing that the scholars had been frequently and skillfully exercised in the fire drill. The stairways are broad and the halls are spacious, but the exits from the building are perhaps not up to the safety standard.

The double doors in the front of the building open inward, but it is understood that this defect is to be remedied as soon as possible. It certainly should be, for a great deal depends upon this exit. It must be admitted that should fire cut off this means of egress dire results might follow, as the only other door leading to the open air is a "single" one opening from one of the ground floor rooms, seldom if ever used in winter, and also opening inward. In case of a panic it can readily be seen that this door would be of very little use.

It would seem to be a good plan to at once change these doors so as to swing outward. The back door should be placed in constant use and all pupils who can easily reach that exit should be trained to do so when the fire drill is given.

Too much importance cannot be placed upon the efficiency of the fire drill. Everything in the Collinwood disaster goes to show that the pupils acted admirably under the drill system and that no panic occurred until the narrow hallways and inadequate exits became blocked. Whether the drill is practiced as often as it should be in the local schools is a question, and might at any time turn out to be a very serious question. All these suggestions may sound like useless precautions, akin to speculating upon a person's chances of being struck by lightning, but while the frequent practice of these fire maneuvers may cause inconvenience to students and faculty it is better to be safe than sorry.

The Smethport school building is not an extremely high one and it is possible that some active students might drop from second story windows without serious injury, but without fire escapes these windows are not to be considered in the line of quick and sure exits. The best method of clearing the building of the four or five hundred inmates should be found and practiced often enough to become familiar to every child.

Since the above article was in type it is learned that the front doors on the school building have been changed so as to swing outward.

Lecture Monday Night.

There is no country so much before the public eye at present, and no country about which so little is known.

Therefore don't fail to hear Dr. Griffis' lecture on Japan. It is a subject Dr. Griffis is thoroughly familiar with for he lived in Japan for a number of years.

The lecture will be held under the auspices of the Traveller's Club, Monday evening, March 16, in the Baptist church, for the benefit of the club house fund. Tickets 25 cents.

More graduates of the Lock Haven State Normal School are teaching in the valley of the west branch of the Susquehanna and in the central part of the state than from all other schools combined. It is in a highly prosperous condition. The great scarcity of teachers assures splendid positions to its graduates. An early application for rooms will be necessary for those who expect to enter for the spring term beginning April 6th.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Cutlery Factory Prospects.

The stockholders of the Smethport Cutlery Co. held a meeting at the office of John Forrest last Monday afternoon for the purpose of hearing the report of the auditing committee and discussing the feasibility of starting their plant again in the near future.

The meeting was well attended and much interest was manifested in the proceedings. The report of the auditing committee was first read and it showed the affairs of the company to be in very good shape with the exception of ready funds. This report shows a slight shortage of assets from the original capital stock paid in, but it is no larger than many enterprises which have afterwards proved an excellent investment for the stockholders, but the lack of cash to carry on the business is extremely apparent and there is no hope of restarting this plant unless four or five thousand dollars can be raised on the treasury stock or by an assessment on the stockholders.

After considerable discussion as to the advisibility of renewing operations, and the best methods of raising funds for this purpose, a committee consisting of Frank L. Shepburne and Wm. Monheimer, was appointed to canvass all the stockholders for the purpose of ascertaining how much of the treasury stock can be sold, with the understanding that the factory will be put in operation as soon as advisable after the required amount of money is raised.

It is the intent of this committee to solicit only among the present stockholders, but, if we understand this matter correctly, anyone not holding stock at the present time is at liberty to take stock and in fact would be more than welcome. Of course the buying of stock at this time does not look very good to some, but we have been informed by people well versed in the business that if the required amount of money can be raised and the factory started in time for the fall trade there is no reason in the world why this should not be a paying venture and a permanent industry added to the town.

Since this meeting the writer has had a lengthy interview with a gentleman well versed in the cutlery business and familiar with this plant and conditions generally, and he is firmly of the opinion that this factory could be made to pay first-class dividends if properly financed.

New Gas Field.

Bolivar Breeze: A new gas field has been opened on the dividing line between Potter and McKean counties in Pleasant Valley at the head of Sartwell Creek. The Port Allegany Oil and Gas Company own 1,600 acres of leases in that vicinity lying in Pleasant Valley township, Potter county, and in Liberty township, McKean county. This company completed their first well a few days ago, and brought in a fine gasser that shows a pressure of 400 pounds. This well is located on the Isaac Miller farm and the sand was tapped at 1,598 feet. The well was drilled only two screws in the sand, and then shut in. The formation is chocolate. The reason for not drilling through the sand is that other wells drilled within a few miles of this one have been drilled through and opened a heavy vein of salt water. In their first well the Port Allegany men decided to take no chances.

This new well is located three miles from the Bellron gas field and 2½ miles from the Annin Creek gas district, and was regarded as a rank wildcat by the owners.

There are 16 stockholders in the Port Allegany Oil and Gas company, and so far they have been unable to agree as to what is the best thing to do. Representatives of all the gas companies operating in that section of Potter and McKean counties have been to see the new well, and have tried to negotiate either for the purchase of the well and leases, or for the gas. Owing to the large number of stockholders it has been impossible so far for them to reach any agreement. Some of them, now in the business believe the well is worth a million dollars, others take a more reasonable view of the matter. The company has started another well, a location away, and believes that a large part of its acreage will be good for paying gas wells.

Farm for Sale.

Sixty-four acres, 35 acres cleared and in fine condition; well watered, good orchard, good house, barn and other buildings. Located in Reed hollow, 3 miles from Smethport. With or without live stock and farm implements. For terms apply to B. Tanner,
Smethport, Pa., R. F. D. No. 2.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.
Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Edinboro Normal is pre-eminently a professional school. Spring session begins Mar. 24. John F. Bigler, Pr.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, small, safe, sure little liver pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

McKean.—At the residence of Henry Gullup, in this borough, on Wednesday, July 18, 1888, at 4:30 p. m., Bridget, wife of Bernard McKean, aged sixty-nine years. Mrs. McKean has been a resident of this county, most of the time in Keating township, for upwards of forty years. She was the mother of a large family, County Commissioner McKean being one of her sons, and beloved, not only by her family, but by a large circle of friends. The funeral will be held at the Catholic church Friday.

Barnes.—At the residence of Wm. Laura, on Long Brook, Hamlin township, on Saturday, July 14, 1888, Elizabeth P., daughter of J. D. Barnes, Esq., of inflammatory rheumatism, aged eight years. Elizabeth was a lovely child and was beloved by all her acquaintances. Her mother died a year ago last fall, since which time she has lived with her sister, Mrs. Laura. Besides Mrs. Laura, she leaves another sister, aged 10 years, who lives with the family of George Garlick at Kane. The death of Elizabeth was a crushing blow to Mr. Barnes, the surviving sisters, and other relatives in Hamlin township.

Huntley.—At his residence in Keating township, on Monday afternoon, July 16, 1887, of paralysis, John H. Huntley, aged sixty-two years. Mr. Huntley was an old and highly respected resident of Keating township. He came from Broome county, N. Y., to this county about thirty years ago. Soon after coming here he was married to Jane Gifford, a daughter of the late Job Gifford, a well-known citizen of Keating township. Mr. Huntley has been a consistent member of the Baptist church for many years. In all his business relations he had an excellent reputation for integrity and fair dealing. He has held many positions of trust in Keating township, and in none did he ever fail to discharge his duty with fidility and for the best interests of the people. He leaves a wife and four daughters, besides a large number of relatives and friends, to mourn the great loss they have sustained. The funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon at the Baptist church, Rev. Willahan, assisted by Rev. Chandler of the M. E. church, officiating. His remains were buried in Rose Hill cemetery.

The wedding of Mr. Harry C. Wells, Esq., and Miss Ella Freeman, one of Smethport's esteemed belles, occurred at the residence of the bride, in Mechanicsburg, on Wednesday forenoon, July 25, 1888, Rev. J. H. McCandless, pastor of St. Luke's church, officiating. After the ceremony they departed on the 2 o'clock train for Canada, where they will visit friends and relatives of the groom for a time. The happy couple received a large number of valuable presents from the many friends who were present.

H. Arthur Lyman of this place, and Miss Annie Weidel of Clermont, were united in matrimony at the residence of J. W. Stelnhauer, of the latter place, on Saturday evening, July 21, 1888, by John O. Sonberg, Esq. The next morning Mr. Lyman and wife started for Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Smith—at her father's residence in Keating township, on Sunday, July 29, 1888, Mrs. Eliza Smith, daughter of L. T. McCarty, Esq., aged 29 years. Mrs. Smith was the wife of J. H. Smith, Esq., of Dunkirk, N. Y. Having lived in Keating township all her life up to the date of her marriage her acquaintance was almost unlimited in this locality where she was universally beloved. Her death is a crushing blow to her father's family, to her husband and to the three little ones she leaves behind.

Mr. Casper Hafner, of Sergeant township, who was so seriously injured on the 9d of July, by falling on to the stub of a beech sapling, the stub penetrating his head between the left eye and the nose, died on Wednesday, August 1, 1888, at 4 o'clock p. m., in the 62d year of his age. Mr. Hafner was born in the province of Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany, and came to this country with his parents when quite a young man. They resided in New York City for several years. About thirty-two years ago the family moved to Sergeant township, this county, and settled on the property where Mr. Hafner died. His father, Christopher Hafner, is still living with the family of the deceased, and is quite a vigorous man at 84 years of age. Besides Casper, there are five brothers living, Jacob of Sergeant township, John, William and Philip of Hamlin township, and Adam who resides in the West. The wife of Bernard Amend of Sergeant township, is the only sister living; Mrs. Devault Martin, who died several years since was also a sister. Casper Hafner was one of the sterling men of this county. For many years he has been a consistent member of the Lutheran church. He was strictly honest in all his dealings with his fellow-men and was universally respected for his probity of character. He will be greatly missed in Sergeant township. He leaves a wife and six children—William and John, Mrs. Jno. Martin, Mrs. Ed. McKean, Mrs. A. J. Bond and Mollie—to mourn the loss of a husband and father. They have the sympathy of the entire community in their deep affliction.

The funeral services conducted by Rev. J. C. Hawkins, will be held to-day at one o'clock at the family residence. The remains will be buried in the Clermont cemetery.

Other People's Money.

From Canada to the Gulf, from Maine to California, "Other People's Money" has been accorded the highest praise by dramatic critics everywhere. It is to-day the standard by which all other American comedies are judged. It is the greatest comedy repeater ever known. It goes back time after time to always increasing business. It never wears out. It is a universal comedy. It appeals everywhere to all classes of people alike. In Australia it is repeating its American successes. It is world wide in its message of mirth and laughter. It is destined never to be forgotten in the annuals of the stage history so long as legitimate, wholesome and clean fun appeals to the hearts of men. Its brilliant epigrams are already passing into the literature of the times, and a large class of theatre goers are eagerly waiting its appearance in book form to hang the pearls of thoughts about the neck of memory." Not to have seen it, is to have missed an epoch making production of which coming generations will keep a record and write its story in their books. It is the forerunner of a new age of light and happiness and joy and good thoughts. To the old it is a memory to be prized. To the young it is a liberal education. It is not the age of long faces and solemn visaged. It has tears, but they are the sparkling tears of excessive mirth and laughter. It holds up to ridicule the sordid, mean and base. It does no less mercilessly because humorously and wittily, the cant, hypocrisies and pretenses. Steadily and unobtrusively its lessons are driven home to the accompaniment of ringing shouts of laughter and applause. He who sees only laughter in the piece misses the point of the comedy. It is a comedy with a purpose, and its aim is to make men better, happier and wiser to the unwisdom of selfishness. It has a message of good to all, the young and the old, the high and the low, the rich and the poor. No one can see it without being better, wiser and happier.

The cast that has been selected in the presentation here is far above the average usually found in comedy performances. At the Lyceum to-morrow night.

Harry Orchard Pleaded Guilty.

A Boise, Idaho, dispatch of Tuesday says:

Another chapter was added to the Steunenberg murder case, when, in the district court at Caldwell, within sight of the place where the tragedy of December 30, 1905, occurred, Harry Orchard to-day pleaded guilty to the charge of murder in the first degree. Contrary to the principles of common law, the Idaho statutes permit such a procedure and the slayer of ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg will be sentenced to death by Fremont Wood, without trial by jury. Orchard was the same cool, quiet man as he was when testifying in the Haywood and Pettibone trials. He made no explanation of his decision to plead guilty. When the case was called by Judge Wood, Frank T. Wyman, attorney for Orchard, stated that it was the desire of the defendant that the plea of not guilty, entered by the court when the prisoner had refused to plead, be withdrawn.

Judge Wood sustained a motion to withdraw the plea and asked Orchard if he desired to plead anew.

"I do; my plea will be guilty, your honor," said Orchard, standing. Turning to Mr. Wyman, Judge Wood asked if the defendant understood the consequences of the plea. "I have explained that fully to Mr. Orchard," said Mr. Wyman, "and he understands it perfectly and definitely. He has of his motion and without any suggestion from any person, so far as I know, certainly not from me, made up his mind."

Judge Wood then fixed March 18 as the date for passing sentence on the prisoner.

This is what Hon. Jake Moore, State Warden of Georgia, says of Kodol For Dyspepsia: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Dear Sirs—I have suffered more than twenty years from indigestion. About eighteen months ago I had grown so much worse that I could not digest a crust of corn bread and could not retain anything on my stomach. I lost 25 lbs.; in fact I made up my mind that I could not live but a short time, when a friend of mine recommended Kodol. I consented to try it to please him and I was better in one day. I now weigh more than I ever did in my life and am in better health than for many years. Kodol did it. I keep a bottle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity will be benefitted. Yours very truly, Jake C. Moore, Atlanta, Aug. 10, 1904." Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

ManZan Pile Remedy, price 50c, is guaranteed. Put up ready to use. One application prompt relief to any form of piles. Soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and G. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Undoing of the Bum.

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE.

[Copyright, 1897, by E. A. Cox.]

EARLY summer had arrived and the population of the great city had turned itself out of doors en masse. The season of grand opera had long since passed, but a reminder of its glories in the form of an aria loaded hurdy gurdy-manipulated by a vigorous, swarthy Italian, was pang-panging something from "La Sonnambula." The machine was crushing away in hard, metallic precision and with the courage and confidence of a five thousand dollar a night prima donna.

The Bum, perspiring and asleep in a loppy mass on the end of a bench in Paradise park, awoke with such a start that several of the perpetual sons of rest near by were visibly alarmed. Some of them moved away hurriedly.

But the Bum's movement proved not menacing. He merely shook himself, listened a moment, glared at the hand organ in no pleasant mood and shuffled away in the direction of Chatham square.

The hurdy gurdy, as if with malicious intent, moved also and right in his heels broke into something sturdy from "William Tell."

The Bum now seemed roused to anger. He turned privately and was on the point of engaging in pedal combat with the instrument when, as if to call off hostilities, it struck into "Yankee Doodle." The Bum, desisting from his intentions of maltreatment, fled for the favorite gin shop, where he sank into the farthest corner.

Commingling with the heavy noises of the streets and the rattling elevated trains was "Yankee Doodle." The stirring old tune seemed beat on a new march to victory, for on it came, sometimes so indistinct that it was almost lost, but its unconquerable reliabilities bringing it out every time above the city's roar, louder, stronger and nearer, until it was at the very door of the saloon, moaning and beating human emotions into activity.

The Bum lifted his head and listened. The anger so recently in its countenance had disappeared. He arose; he straightened his big, gaunt self; he curved his head high; he walked to the door of the gin shop with a firm step, passed out and down the street.

And a new light shone pitifully from his deeply sunken dark eyes.

On he went, traveling a little more than a mile—the mile that was destined to prove the most momentous of his life. He hesitated not until he caught a glimpse through the canyon-like street of his objective point. Then he felt a bit uncertain.

Scarcely knowing what he was doing and perhaps from a long established habit of leaning against things for support, he reached out a hand and rested it for a moment against that mountain of strength, the subtreasury. Now energy seemed to be imparted to him by

THE BUM GLARED AT THE HAND ORGAN.

the act, for he stepped boldly across Wall street and entered a great granite building.

His personal valuation was materially depreciated when he was summarily ejected not two minutes later by a functionary in servile blue and many brass buttons.

"Beggars not allowed," he snarled, pointing to a framed sign hanging in the corridor.

But the Bum had a mission to perform, regardless of unfeeling bouncers. He went away for awhile, came back and stood gazing wearily at the debonair beings swinging in and out of the big building unrestrained, while they in turn looked contemptuously down upon him from the superior heights of their good clothes.

The Bum seemed not perturbed by their superiority. Indeed, he was wholly callous to it. He was occupied deeply on how he might elude the vigilant doorkeeper.

"I must get in there," he muttered.

Mr. Wm. H. Anderson, M. D., of Soda Springs, Ida., says that Boss Laxative Cough Syrup has relieved coughs and colds where all other remedies failed. Its gentle laxative effects especially recommend it for children. It is pleasant to take. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

"I can't go back without buying something about them and her." Then he looked doubtful. "Perhaps Bill wouldn't see me after all."

He was startled from his perplexities by a motor car dashing close to the curb and stopping beside where he was slowly passing.

A large, well built man sprang from the machine and in doing so jolted against him accidentally.

"Your pardon, sir," apologized the man. The words were scarcely uttered when his face went aghast.

"Merciful God!" he breathed.

The Bum, too surprised to move and his own face ashy pale, mumbled something that sounded like "Bill."

The hearty clasp that inclosed the trembling hand of the Bum dispelled all doubts as to how "Bill" would receive him. The other hand he brought down on the Bum's shoulder with a glad thump.

"Jim," almost shouted the man; "Jim, can it be possible this is you?" And tears, manly, shameless tears, were plainly visible in the blue eyes of William Van Camp Higginson. He linked an arm affectionately within that of the dirty, unkempt bum.

"Come inside," he said.

There was business of importance that morning for the banking house of Higginson, Matthews & Pollock, and when Mr. Higginson's arrival was announced partners and clerks hurried to surround him, but Mr. Higginson waved them off. He passed on through the long hallway straight to his private office.

He pushed the Bum in gently ahead of him, closed the door and locked it.

"Jim Pierson, where in the devil have you been all these years?" then adding, in a voice not devoid of emotion, "I've—I've actually prayed that you'd come back."

The Bum didn't notice the incongruity of Higginson's language. He was struggling with his own emotions. He was trying to venture that one question that had been uppermost in his heart since "Yankee Doodle" had sent the blood coursing through his veins and dragged him from his retarded abode into the atmosphere of better things, into the presence of representative men. Now, powerless with fear, he could not so much as mention their names—her name.

He would go. He wouldn't remain even though Higginson was most hospitable, better tormenting uncertainty than torturing truth. He rose.

"I can't stay, Bill. You're too busy a man to be bothered with"—

"Sit right down there," said Higginson, forcing the Bum back in a quiet, masterful way. Then, with a quaver of tenderness in his voice, "Jim, I know what brought you back, and the sooner you know the better."

The Bum's heart came dangerously near stopping. It was, then, as he feared. Would Billy say "married" or—or—"dead?" He wouldn't wait to hear. Again he rose for flight. Higginson placed kingly restraining hands upon him.

"Beatrice Cuyler—is—not married. She's still in love with you," said Higginson, looking at the Bum steadily.

Then he set his captive free, and the Bum walked to a window, where he stood looking out for a long time, but he was not studying the beauties or monstrosities of neighboring skyscrapers. He was dwelling on what seemed to him, as nearly as he could figure things out, possible impossibilities. And there was a warm, happy feeling within him, the like of which he had long since relinquished. He whistled "Yankee Doodle" softly and Higginson wondered as he slipped into an adjoining room beyond the hearing of the Bum.

"Bring a complete outfit of my clothes," he telephoned in a low voice; "yes, everything—hat, necktie, shoes, the whole business. What? No, nothing's happened to me. I just want them for— Well, bring them along, and right away. And, say, Thomas, don't mention this to Mrs. Higginson."

The Bum turned as Higginson reentered the room.

"Tell me about the others," he said.

For a long time Higginson talked. Things of vital interest had transpired since that mad, wild day of the Bum's disappearance.

His father had died leaving him a small fortune if he were ever found. His mother still lived. His sister Laura, as the Bum had already surmised, had married Higginson, and it was only a year since the marriage had occurred. Higginson and Laura were living in the old home with the Bum's mother.

Every known means had been employed and large sums of money spent in the search for the Bum, and year after year the family had remained in town late into the heat of the summer and had returned early in autumn, hoping against hope that he might come and there would be some clue to work upon.

Beatrice Cuyler cared little for social pleasures these days. She was going a good deal into the poor parts of the city trying to lessen the pangs of her own sorrowing heart by helping to alleviate the woes of others.

But Laura knew—and Laura hesitated not a moment to impart her knowledge to the sympathetic ears of Bill—that Beatrice Cuyler would go down to her grave unmarried unless Jim returned.

"Now, Jim Pierson," suddenly broke out Higginson—"now, I've something else to tell you. Blamed if I don't half believe you're the biggest fool ever was."

"I admit it," sadly replied the Bum, wriggling uncomfortably.

"Why, see here. After you lit out, some time within a year and a half, your brokers, Hopkins & Co., redeemed themselves. They made good up to 80 per cent on all accounts, yours among the rest. We've got it in trust for you right here in the bank, drawing interest. It's something like—well, I don't know exactly, but on toward a hundred thousand, I should say. And to think you've been—oh, blazes! Why didn't you come home long ago?"

For a moment the Bum's eyes twinkled.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say I've something left on of that Hopkins mess?" His face beamed with incredulous hope. Then he remembered his present self. He raised his arms deprecatingly and shook his head.

"It's of no use to me," he sighed. "It's too late. I'm done for. You and Laura take it. There isn't enough manhood left in me to even so much as think of living the old life again, let alone making the effort."

He looked out of the window. Then turning abruptly, he held out a hand.

"Goodby," he said. "I must be off. This visit has been everything to me. Don't let them know."

"You surely don't mean that you came here merely for a word and with

"SHE IS STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU."

the intention of returning to your miserable existence? Why, we've grieved for you as for one dead, and oh you imagine that I'm going to let you go? Don't you care any more for us than that?"

"I must go," stubbornly insisted the Bum.

"By heavens, you shall never leave this room except to come home to us!"

Higginson was a man of strong nature. He was thoroughly aroused and was speaking forcefully. He could not allow the Bum to return to his misery. Higginson's forcefulness awoke the spirit of the man within the Bum.

"Do you suppose for one moment, Bill Higginson, that I—look at me—would face my mother, your wife—and her? Never! Let me go!"

Higginson broke into a torrent of implorations, long, earnestly he pleaded. The Bum held out tenaciously. Then, little by little, he commenced to give way until he found himself as powerless to resist the strong love of the insistent man as he had been to stay the desire that turned his footsteps in the direction of Wall street.

Higginson saw the Bum was weakening and in desperation made his last attack.

"Jim"—his voice was heart reaching in its tenderness—"you couldn't have the heart to forsake us again just when we're—when we're expecting a little chap we've already named Jim?"

There was a long silence.

The dogged look in the Bum's eyes slowly disappeared. They became overcast with moisture. He reached a hand to Higginson, which Higginson did not now ignore.

"I'll go home with you," he said.

The offices of Higginson, Matthews & Pollock were located in one of those modern structures that afford tenants every convenience. A luxurious bathroom was one of the attachments, and it was here that the first move was made toward the outward transformation of the Bum. Merely a bath and clean linen have materially assisted many a bum on his way toward reformation. And Higginson's valet was a host within himself in the matter of grooming.

James Harvey Pierson surveyed himself in the long mirror and for the first time in the five years of his self exile smiled happily into his own eyes, not so much in satisfaction with his improved appearance as with newly awakened hope and the anticipation of going home and to those who were longing to greet him.

He forgot for the moment that desolate day when, with fortune irretrievably swept away, he had voluntarily chosen complete isolation. For the moment also the bitter years that followed faded from his memory.

"By Jingo!" exclaimed the delighted Higginson as Pierson emerged to view. "Man alive, you look as well as anybody. All you need is a little bracing up and filling out and somebody to put new heart into you, and I guess it won't be long before your heart will be all right," he added, with a significant wink.

"Now," he continued, reverting to the eternal masculine, "let's go and have something to eat."

Advice.

"What's the best way to save money?" asked the thrifty youth.

"Quit reading the racing news and the market quotations."—Washington Star.

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Executor's Notice.

Estate of Thomas E. Richmond, late of Smethport Borough, McKean Co., Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

SHERIDAN GORTON, Attorney,
or M. SARAH RICHMOND, Executor.
Smethport, Pa., January 20th, 1898.

DREAM FOOD.

Hasheesh, the Strange Drug That Is Used in the Orient.

Hasheesh, that strange drug which has given our language its word "assassin"—a man so frenzied by the drug that he accomplishes murder—is used by the Persians, Turks and Egyptians in a manner akin to the use of opium by the Chinese. It is the product of a plant grown in large quantities in the Peloponnesus (southern Greece) in the district about Tripolitza. The plant grows to a height of about four feet, and its branches are thickly covered with small leaves and studded with tiny seeds.

The entire plant, stalk and branches, is cut within a few inches of the root and laid out in the sun to dry. The branches are then rubbed to separate the seeds, and these in turn are ground into a fine powder, which constitutes the drug. The drug has the power of inducing sleep and producing pleasant and fantastic dreams. Continued use of hasheesh renders its devotees wild and reckless and results in a complete wreck of their mental and physical constitution.

For this reason the Egyptian government prohibited the importation of the drug and entered into a convention with Greece to prevent its exportation from there to Egypt, where the consumers of hasheesh are very numerous. The drug is practically never used in Greece, but is now exported to the various ports in England, Austria, France and Italy, and from there much, no doubt, ultimately finds its way to Egypt.

BRIGHT SAYINGS.

A Little Batch of Stories Related by an Englishman.

The sultan of Turkey had sent the queen of Spain a diamond bracelet. She had the stones reset in earrings and called the fact to the attention of Fuad Pasha, the Turkish envoy.

"His majesty," replied Fuad, "will be delighted that your majesty gives an ear to what comes from Constantinople."

To the same Fuad an Englishwoman impolitely said, "How many wives have you?"

"The same number as your husband, madam," said the wily Turk. "The only difference is that he conceals one of his and I do not."

When Robert Lowe married and said, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," he grumbled to his wife afterward, "And at the time I hadn't a brass farthing."

"Oh, but, my dear, you forget there is your genius."

Lowe replied, "Well, you cannot say I endowed you with that."

In a much older story Frederick the Great is represented as saying angrily to the English ambassador of the day, "England is now without an ally upon the continent except God."

Sir Hugh Elliot instantly replied, "Yes, sire, but God is an ally that demands no subsidy."—From "Rambling Reminiscences," by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff.

What Might Have Been.

Lord Rosebery in an address at Glasgow university some years ago gave utterance to the following interesting speculation:

"Had the elder Pitt when he became prime minister not left the house of commons he could doubtless have induced George III. to listen to reason, introduced American representation into parliament and preserved the thirteen colonies to England. The new blood of America would have burst the old vessels of the constitution and provided a self adjusting system of representation. There would have been no war of separation, no war of 1812, and finally, when the Americans became a majority, the empire would perhaps have moved solemnly across the Atlantic and Britain become a historic shrine, the European outpost of the empire."

The Roman Forum.

The Forum Romanum, the first that was erected in Rome, served equally for the purposes of trade and all public meetings as well as for the administration of justice by the consuls and other Roman magistrates. Later on, when the forum numbered some eighteen or twenty, they were divided into two classes, some for public meetings and the proceedings of the law courts and others for the various requirements of trade. The Roman forum corresponded to the agora, or market place, of the Greeks, and no Roman city was without this important center of judicial, political and commercial life.—New York American.

His Gratitude.

The Medical Record tells of a man who was cured of blindness by a surgeon remarkable for his unprepossessing appearance. When vision was fully restored, the patient looked at his benefactor and said:

"Lucky for you, young man, I did not see you before you operated or I would never have given my consent."

Humiliation.

"I tell you, sir, kissing the hand that smites you is nothing to what I saw in the hotel this morning."

"What was that?"

"The porter blacking the boots that had kicked him last night."—London Telegraph.

Art.

"Was that picture you just sold a genuine work of art?"

"No," answered the dealer, "but the story I told about it was."—Washington Star.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drugs Law. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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LAW AND LITERATURE.

Writers Who Won Reputation in Both Professions.

The old [illegible] law and literature was exemplified by the late Sir Lewis Morris, who practiced as a conveyancer in London while he was establishing his reputation as a poet. There have been several poets who have abandoned the steep places of the bar for the slopes of Parnassus, but the late Sir Lewis Morris is the only poet of repute who has found the tasks of conveyancer not incompatible with the cultivation of the muse. R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," practiced as a conveyancer for several years. Sir Walter Scott, speaking of himself and law, said, "There was no great love between us, and it pleased heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance." Most of the poets who have sprung from the legal profession appear to have entertained the same unfavorable view. Cowper, who was a fellow pupil of Lord Thurlow in an attorney's office, was called to the bar at the Middle Temple, but he quickly yielded himself to the charms of literature. Denham was a member of Lincoln's Inn, and Thomas Gray, the author of the famous "Elegy Written In a Country Churchyard," studied for the bar, but neither of these got beyond the apprenticeship stage. Barry Cornwall was a solicitor.—Law Journal.

A HOMESICK PIONEER.

Poetic Plaint of One of the Early Settlers in Missouri.

In wonder the people of today read of the persistent cheerfulness with which the pioneers went about the business of settling the great west. Nevertheless, it somehow gratifies the weakness of human nature to know that there was now and then a wearer of the deerskin leggings and coonskin cap who grumbled.

One early settler who went from a rocky New England village to the fever haunted prairies along the Missouri was moved to put his complaints into rhymes, one of which has survived and is now carefully preserved by the descendants of the early settler, who live surrounded by the peaceful prosperity and comfort of a Missouri farm right in the heart of the anathematized prairie:

Oh, lonesome, windy, grassy place,
Where buffalo and snake prevail—
The first with dreadful looking face,
The last with dreadful sounding tail—
I'd rather live on camel hump
And be a Yankee Doodle beggar
Than where I never see a stump
And shake to death with fever'n ager.

Judging from the last line, one might conclude that an acute attack of "ager" had suddenly prevented him from continuing.

Pie in England.

Pie came to the fore in England many centuries ago. It originated in the form of quince pie and was used in the celebration of Christmas. In its primitive stage it was baked in a deep sided dish, lined and covered with rolled out dough. The filling was of forcemeats, richly sweetened and spiced. This spicing and flavoring stood for the presents which the wise men bore to the Christ in the manger. For years and years this custom of having the Christmas quince pie prevailed, but finally it was denounced far and wide by the Puritans as a form of idolatry, and the government after parliament had suppressed the celebration of the birth of Christ took steps to stop the baking and eating of the quince pie. Eventually super reasoning led to the taking off of the ban, and the pie eating custom was renewed.—London Standard.

Firm Resolution.

Dave Sadtler was a brave Confederate soldier who was in the hospital at Richmond and who, in spite of his sufferings, always took a cheerful view of the situation. One day when he was recovering a visiting minister approached his cot and tendered him a pair of homemade socks.

"Accept these," said he. "I only wish the dear woman who knit them could present them to you in person."

"Thank you very much," said David gravely. "But I have decided that I never shall wear another pair of socks while I live."

The preacher protested, but to no purpose, and finally he sought out the boy's sister to tell her how foolishly the invalid had behaved.

"Why," exclaimed she, "both his feet have been shot off!"

The Scent of Flowers.

As a rule the scent of flowers does not exist in them as in a store of gland, but rather as a breath, an exhalation. While the flower lives it breathes out its sweetness, but when it dies the fragrance usually ceases to exist. The method of stealing from the flower its fragrance while it is still living is no new thing, and it is not known when it was discovered that butter, animal fat or oil would absorb the odor given off by living flowers placed near them and would themselves become fragrant.

How to Make Home Happy.

Mary (angrily)—I think you are the biggest fool in town, John. John (mildly)—Well, Mary, mother used to tell me that when I was a little boy, but I never thought she was right about it until I married you.—Liverpool Mercury.

A Thackeray Retort.

Being asked once whether he had read any of the books of a popular novelist, Thackeray rejoined:

"Well, no. You see, I am like a pastry cook. I bake tarts and I sell 'em, but I eat bread and butter."

The best remedy for wrongs done us is to forget them.—Syrus.

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The Big Store. — SMETHPORT, PA.

DOCTORS MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or overbusy doctor, separate diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, keeps up the treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, because of the wrong treatment, but probably worse. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the female system.

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

Orange News.

The MINER will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondence be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

FARMERS VALLEY.

At the Grange meeting last Saturday Chaplain Sarah Cook being ill Worthy Master W. P. Beckwith appointed Estella Otto to fill the vacancy. Lecturer Martha Beckwith remained at home entertaining company and the vacancy was filled by Past Lecturer Gena Day. Overseer Mrs. Julietta Roeder not being present the vacancy was filled by order of Master by Member of Finance Committee M. A. Caldwell, pro tem. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Usual order of business concluded. Recess. Call to order. Lecturer's hour brought singing by Grange from Grange Melodies. Parcel Post discussion opened by Mrs. J. C. Stull. Responses by L. Paterson, Mrs. Estella Otto, G. E. Decker, H. D. Otto, and others. Master Glenn Stull is worthy of much credit for his very intelligent remarks on this subject. Reading by Flora Dorothy Decker. The hour being late much of the program was carried over.

The Grange National Bank of McKean county located at Smethport is a magnificent structure of architectural beauty. The officers are: D. C. Young, president; A. B. Armstrong, vice president; J. W. Lee, cashier; F. W. Brownell, assistant cashier; John N. Apple, G. B. Mayo, W. C. Daly, M. S. Comes, Geo. Richards, J. C. Stull, Geo. Smith, A. A. Abbey, Darius Simpson, F. E. Baldwin, W. F. Hill, J. G. McHenry, J. B. Oviatt, directors. The bank is a safe depository for investment for the farmer. The progressive and careful farmer need no more come to a financial crisis, but each year may add to his savings, placing it where it will increase, thereby benefitting himself and his own country, placing it where upon demand he will get sure and quick returns. Never before was there a greater need for farmers to become united thereby strengthening and building on a sure and strong foundation. The bank was opened July 9, 1907. It has 220 shareholders, of whom 60% are farmers. It has a capital stock of $100,000. The surplus and net profits amount to $12,125.04. The building (furniture and fixtures are valued at $24,963.17. It ranks among the finest buildings in Smethport. Following is the increase in their business since July 9, 1907:

July 9, 1907, $40,862.21.
August 9, 1907, $68,130.48.
September 9, 1907, $69,207.91.
October 9, 1907, $75,983.40.
November 9, 1907, $100,151.18.
December 9, 1907, $105,011.09.
January 9, 1908, $139,505.30.
February 9, 1908, $146,146.06.

A strong movement is now being made by the Grange to start a store in Smethport. The proposed venture would be organized on the same plan as the bank. Capital stock would be sold until sufficient funds were secured to carry on the business. Two of our prominent Grangers were out last week soliciting capitalists for that purpose.

Miss Laura Otto, who is attending business college at Olean came home to visit her parents over Sunday and was in her chair at Grange Saturday night.

Deforest Day took the teacher, Miss Lura Day and her pupils for a sleigh ride last Thursday.

Miss Mable Galpin of Bush Hill visited the Moore school Monday.

Clarence Tyler and Miss Ethel Paterson drove over to Annin Creek Sunday and came back in a snow storm.

—The first and second degrees will be worked on two candidates next Saturday at the Grange.

A word of commendation as to his efficiency and business ability has been received from the employer of Harry Caldwell at Salamanca by his people here. Harry is a member of the Grange at this place, but now has charge of a fish market at Salamanca, N. Y. His employer says that Harry is a good business partner. He is shrewd and does not let business affairs worry him. He has the perseverance and determination to make every day count.

The Giraffe's Neck.

Lamarck thought that the giraffe obtained its long neck by transmission of parental stretching to reach the leaves of trees and that each new generation literally began where the last left off. "I say literally because the young giraffe was conceived, so to speak, as continuing at the branches which its parents could just reach and then stretching its neck to reach leaves inaccessible to the parents. So to say, it began eating where the parents left off.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Aiming and Hitting.

Mr. Kidder—I think a woman's club to be successful should aim at something far removed from female suffrage.

Miss Strong—I don't agree with you, sir. That should be its sole object.

Mr. Kidder—Yes, but it's more likely to hit that object if it aims at something else.—Philadelphia Press.

Worse.

"At least the audience didn't hiss," remarked the playwright after the unsuccessful first night.

"No," replied the manager sadly; "they were too sleepy."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Safe.

Elopee (in a loud whisper)—Are you sure the rope ladder is firmly attached? Eloperess—Oh, yes. I won't fall. Papa and mamma are at the top *holding it.*—Cleveland Leader.

Ringe Little Liver Pills for biliousness and sick-headache. They clean the system and clear the skin. Price 25c. Try them. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Buckboard.

"There are few persons who know how the name of 'buckboard' came to be applied to a vehicle," says a writer. "It was away back in the twenties, when the transportation of goods, wares and merchandise was almost entirely by wagon. A Dr. Buck was then in charge of military stores en route to army posts in the southwest. In east Tennessee much difficulty was experienced by reason of the rough roads, and there were frequent mishaps, mostly from wagons overturning. Dr. Buck overhauled the outfit, and, abandoning the wagon bodies, long boards were set directly on the axles or hung below, and the stores were loaded in such a manner that there were no further delays from breakdowns, and the stores safely reached their destinations. In special emergency, too, the load could be shifted or taken off in a hurry. Dr. Buck's example was followed, especially when roads were rough, and soon much hauling was done by the use of wheels, axles and boards only. Now we have the buckboard, both in carriage and automobile forms, conforming closely to the original idea, though few suspect the source of it."—Chicago News.

Technical Swearing.

The late Sir John Millais was a very keen fisherman. He used to tell a story of an old man who was his attendant during a day's sport in the north of England. The old man was full of local gossip and small scandal, and where the natural supply failed him he was clearly able to manufacture enough of his own to go on with.

"I were out with the bishop yesterday," said the old man, referring to a popular church dignitary, who is also a good fisherman. "Ah," replied Millais, "he's a great man." "Well," continued the old fellow, "'e may 'a, but 'e do swear a bit when 'e's fishin'." "Oh, nonsense!" replied Millais. "I don't believe that." The old man insisted that he was right, however. "I'll give you an instance," he said. "I was standin' 'longside o' the bishop, same as I might be aside o' you, and 'e'd got a big fellow at the end of 'is line that was pretty nigh pullin' 'im off 'is feet, and I turns to 'is lordship and I says, 'E pulls ——, 'ard, don't he?' and the bishop says, 'Yes, 'e do. Well, now, ain't that swearin'?"—London M. A. P.

St. Patrick and the Roosters.

St. Patrick's reputation as a snake charmer is known all the world over, but what he did to the roosters is a bit of history less disseminated. There is a small district in the heart of County Sligo, it seems, which strenuously resented the intrusion of the Scotchman. Succeed, (St. Patrick) had become exceedingly domineering, and it was decided to put a damper on his progress. He said to his hostess, "Wake me" when the cock crows. When he had gone to bed she whispered this command to the neighbors, and all the people concealed their roosters under small coops so they could not lift their heads high enough to crow. In consequence thereof the saint overslept himself and was furious when he discovered the trick that had been played on him. He laid his everlasting curse on the roosters of that district, and they have never crowed since.—Exchange.

Ordinance No. 70.

Entitled an Ordinance to establish a pavement on Main Street, or a portion thereof, in the Borough of Smethport, and to provide for the cost of constructing the same.

Be it ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Smethport, in the County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, and it is hereby ordained by authority of same:

Section 1. To improve the condition of Main Street, or a portion thereof, in the Borough of Smethport, and at the proper cost and expense thereof, it is hereby ordained that a suitable pavement shall be constructed and laid on Main Street, or such portion thereof as in the judgment of the Burgess and Town Council seem proper together with such additional paving as is necessary to include the lateral sidewalks over the intersecting streets, and the necessary amounts of grading, curbing and draining incident thereto.

Section 2. To provide for the cost and expense of constructing such pavement the Town Council desires to increase the bonded indebtedness of the said Borough of Smethport in the sum of $35,943.00, or so much thereof as may be necessary to defray the cost of such construction which sum will increase the indebtedness of said Borough to more than two, but less than seven per centum of the last assessed valuation thereof; provided, the assent of the electors of said Borough can be had to such increase of bonded indebtedness, at an election to be held as shall be hereafter prescribed by resolution of the council and notice to the electors.

All former paving ordinances are hereby repealed.

JOHN ROONEY,
President of the Council.

Attest:
W. G. HOLDEN,
Secretary of the Council.

Approved this 9th day of March, A. D. 1908.
EDGAR W. STRONG,
Chief Burgess.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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INVEST IN TIMBER

The Buffalo Timber Company, Incorporated, offer an opportunity for investment unexcelled as to security and increase in value.

The constantly increasing demand and diminishing supply must necessarily advance the value of all good timber enormously.

This Company owns Two Hundred Million Feet of the largest and finest standing timber on the continent.

FIFTY DOLLARS A SHARE

Each and every share of stock is represented by one hundred thousand feet of well located timber, which costs but Fifty cents per thousand feet, making it a safe and sure investment.

Write today for convincing evidence of above facts.

BUFFALO TIMBER COMPANY,
418-420 Prudential Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Sundays and Holidays.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to work Sundays and Holidays? That is the tireless, ceaseless way that money at interest will work for you, and it will never go on a strike. Why should you do all the hard work? Set your money to working for you. Interest is its wages and its pay is sure.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport,

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 12, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Next Tuesday is St. Patrick's day.

—The MINER one year for one dollar.

—Pay your back subscription before April 1st.

—Spring primaries April 14th. The candidates have only a month left and all are hustling.

—Take advantage of the Metropolitan Magazine and MINER offer. Both publications one year for $1.15 in advance.

—Since the opening of the Brookville extension of the Shawmut railroad that company is operating 295 miles of road.

—Charles T. McIntyre and Mrs. Lizzie Shutt, both of Hornell, N. Y., were married Thursday last by Justice B. L. Knapp.

—An Esperanto class is soon to be formed in Bradford. It is strange that the universal language study does not create more interest in Smethport.

—The first robins of the seasons were reported this week and as this is the last week of the groundhog's sleep spring may be looked for most any time now.

—Don't fail to attend the dance at the Lyceum next Tuesday night. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music and a good time is promised all who attend. Tickets, $1.00.

—James Clabby of Roulette, a glassworker well known throughout this part of the country and who was for a time a resident of Smethport, died recently. His body was taken to Clyde, N. Y., for burial.

—From the Mt. Jewett Herald it is learned that the window glass factory in that town will not be placed in operation this season as was the intention. It is also said that machines will be eventually installed in that plant.

—Thomas Ashton, a 15-year-old boy, fell from the roof of the Mt. Jewett school building one day last week. Although he fell from a height of thirty feet and struck in a scant eight inches of snow, beyond a sprained ankle he escaped uninjured.

—It is reported that the Rev. A. C. Willey of Perry, N. Y., who was pastor of the M. E. church in this place for about six months prior to the coming of the Rev. W. A. Harris to this church, has abandoned the Methodist denomination and affiliated himself with the Episcopal faith.

—The Falls Creek Times is a new exchange recently added to the MINER'S list. Chas. J. Bangert, a veteran newspaper man, is editor and he certainly is giving his readers a first class publication. The Times looks like a winner.

—Lenten devotions at St. Elizabeth's church: Sundays at 10:30 a. m., Mass and sermon; 7:30 p. m. Vespers (Stearns), sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Fridays, 7:15 p. m., Stations of the Cross and Benediction.

—The Condersport borough council recently passed an ordinance taxing the gas and water companies for their properties within the borough limits. Future developments in this regard will be watched with interest by many towns in this part of the country.

—D. E. Waller expects to take a civil service examination in a couple of weeks for a government position as departmental clerk. If his plans carry out successfully it is probable that he will take up a residence at Washington, D. C. He is fully capable of handling figures with the best of them and it is the earnest wish of his many friends that he is successful in his new venture.—Eldred Eagle.

—The Keystone Powder Co., through their secretary, A. C. Blum, contracted with the government last week for one million pounds of dynamite for use in the Panama canal. This contract must be filled within forty-five days. This is an enormous contract, perhaps the largest single contract ever entered into by any of our local independent companies, and assures steady work for both the Keystone and the Sinnemahoning companies for the forty-five days. It means twenty thousand boxes or about two cars every day during the life of the contract.—Emporium Independent.

—In regard to the Rev. W. F. Shero, mention of whose resignation as rector of St. John's church, Lancaster, Pa., was made last week, the Young Churchman says: "In succession to Dr. Robinson, Bishop-elect of Nevada, the trustees of Racine College, Racine, Wis., have chosen, to the wardenship the Rev. William Francis Shero, Ph.D., rector of St. John's church, Lancaster, Pa. Dr. Shero is an educator of proved ability. He took his B. A. from the University of Rochester, his M.A. from Hobart, and later his Ph.D. from Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster. He also studied for a year at the General Theological Seminary, continuing his theological studies while being principal of public schools at Smethport, Pa."

Subscribe for the MINER.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.00 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable annually. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday March 12, 1908.

Announcements.

CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the 31st district, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

CHARLES F. BARCLAY.
Stonemahoning, Cameron Co., Pa., Feb. 6, 1908.

STATE SENATOR

Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of State Senator in the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11th.

GEO. W. WILLIAMS.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 21, 1908.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of State Senator in the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11th.

F. E. BALDWIN.
Austin, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.

ASSEMBLY

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11.

JAMES A. MCKEAN.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 27, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11.

ROBERT P. HAGGOOD.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 27, 1908.

SHERIFF

EDITOR MINER: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

W. H. MORRISON.
Smethport, Jan. 15, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

J. F. DAVIS.
Bradford, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

E. W. JONES.
Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JOHN W. MCNAIL.
Rane, Pa., Feb. 24, 1908.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of District Attorney for McKean County on the Republican ticket, at the primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

GUY B. MAYO.
Smethport, Pa., March 4, 1908.

PROTHONOTARY

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

B. F. STANLEY.
Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

A. B. WALKER.
Smethport, Feb. 17, 1908.

RECORDER.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on April 11th, 1908.

H. M. CHOATE.
Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1908.

REGISTER OF WILLS, ETC.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908.

JOHN B. EASTMAN.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 4, 1908.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner at the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

JOHN A. PETERSON.
Bradford, Jan. 3, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held, April 11, 1908.

P. D. MORSING.
Kane, Jan. 9, 1908.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

OSCAR ENGSTROM.
Smethport, Jan. 7, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.

W. I. OVIATT.
East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 4, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

C. W. FREEMAN.
Smethport, Jan. 8, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JOHN J. MCCAREY.
Annin Township, January 14, 1908.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

A. M. MANSH.
Bradford Township, Jan. 14, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. M. BOARDMAN.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 25th, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries April 11th.

DELOS ARMSTRONG.
Bradford, Jan. 20, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters at the primaries, April 11th.

M. S. COMES.
Keating Township, Jan. 18, 1908.

COUNTY AUDITOR

Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April the 11th, 1908.

A. R. ANDERSON.
Clermont, Pa., Jan. 10, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

J. H. STULL.
East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Auditor of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

B. G. MCFALL.
Eldred, Pa. Feb. 14, 1908.

CLERK OF THE COURTS

THE MINER is authorized to announce the name of Frank R Foster of Smethport as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held in April next.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 30, 1907.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Courts of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer, of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11th, 1908.

BERT J. CUMMINS.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 8rd, 1908.

THE trial of the alleged Capitol grafters still continues, despite the reports that it practically had reached its end for the past two or three weeks. However the attorneys have been making their picks this week and it is now almost certain that the case will go the jury not later than Saturday.

THE Democrat thinks the editor of the MINER is impudent when it quotes the best available authority in support of its position in the Corrupt Practices Act. Our readers, especially if this alleged impudence saves any of them the expense of a senseless law suit, will undoubtedly think differently.

CHINA is liable to come under the ban of that "obesity" nation known as Japan. Some dispute over the seizure of a Japanese ship by Chinese authorities caused the trouble and for a few days it looked like war. Japan once again prances around like an unlicked bantam rooster, and the rest of the world looks on with a grin that may mean various things.

THE question as to whether United States battleships and cruisers are defective in construction is still open to argument. This important matter will be decided at Washington by experts who are supposed to know just what they are trying to find out. In the meantime any personally conducted investigation of the ships by a hostile nation is liable to find them fully prepared to do the business for which they were intended, notwithstanding the opinions of the learned men at Washington, D. C.

ONE of the latest Thaw stories is to the effect that the Thaw family has decided to force Evelyn Nesbit Thaw to agree to a divorce from the alleged lunatic, whose more or less valuable life-lier testimony saved when he was on trial for murder. Still Mrs. Thaw has kept tab on Evelyn's "goin's on" while Harry K. has been behind the bars, and with the assistance of detectives, has collected much so-called evidence with which she stands ready to spring upon the young woman if Evelyn does not agree to free her supposed "bug house" husband from the clutches of matrimony. If young Mrs. Thaw is agreeable she is to receive $25,000. According to reports she is liable to take the money and of the proposition. The story is also published that during a recent visit to the insane asylum young Mrs. Thaw was attacked by her husband and severely handled. If this last report is true it ought to hold Thaw for an indefinite period. In the meantime the lunatics who have to associate with him are deserving of sympathy. Evelyn intends to return to the stage, and in that case the stage should also receive a share of the sympathy.

AT present it looks as though Representatives James A. McKean and Robert P. Habgood, Recorder H. M. Choate, Register John B. Eastman and District Attorney Guy B. Mayo will not have any opposition at the primaries. This speaks well for the record of these gentlemen, who are all candidates for re-election, and shows that the Republican party at least is well pleased with the way they have served their constituents, and well they might be. Messrs. McKean and Habgood worked untiringly at Harrisburg during the last session of the Legislature for the best interests of their constituents, whether their friends or enemies politically, and a big majority of our people undoubtedly think they should continue in this work, so well begun. Mr. Choate as Recorder is considered utmost indispensible in the office he now holds by nearly everybody regardless of party, and has already been endorsed by the Prohibition party. Mr. Eastman is equally popular and it is more than than likely that he will not have any more opposition at the election this fall than he has at the primaries this spring. Mr. Mayo has made a fine record as District Attorney and is a good man to retain in that office for another term.

Two of the most important measures introduced at this session of Congress, the employers' liability bill and the postal savings bank bill, were introduced by Senator Knox of Pennsylvania. Both of these bills are now under consideration in committee and will be reported to the senate at an early date. The indications are that both will become laws at this session. A sub committee of the committee on judiciary is holding hearings on the employers' liability bill, giving the workmen and the railroads every opportunity to present arguments for and against it. The object for which Senator Knox strove in framing the bill is the one that will be kept to the front by the committee in reporting upon it, and that is to give the workmen the greatest consideration possible for their protection and yet keep within the bounds of the constitution, so that when the bill becomes a law and gets before the courts, it will not suffer the same unfortunate fate that the former law did. The postal savings bank bill is now being considered by a sub committee of postoffices and postroads. Two other bills, having the same object as that introduced by Senator Knox are before this sub committee, but it is believed that the Knox bill will be reported to the Senate. This bill embodies the views of the postmaster general and has the backing of President Roosevelt and the administration. Every effort will be made to secure its passage at this session of Congress and the prospects of success are good. Bankers and financiers as a rule will favor it, as they recognize that it will go a long way towards preventing the recurrence of such financial stringency as the country has just passed through. The people will welcome it as it will provide an absolutely safe depository for their savings.

Get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—is healing, soothing and cooling. It is good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending March 7, 1908:

Rose M. Burgess, P. C. Keenan, Miss Anna Mallu, O. Pippin, Auster Rankes.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

When a man writes as follows don't you think he means it? Mr. S. G. Williams, Powderly, Texas, says, "I have suffered for years with kidney and bladder trouble, using ever preparation I came across and taking many prescriptions all without relief until my attention was called to Pinetles. After 30 days' trial ($1.00) I am feeling fine." Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Kodol is to-day the best known and most reliable remedy for all disorders of the stomach and belching of gas. Kodol contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Kodol is pleasant to take. It is guaranteed to give relief and is sold here by L. K. Hogarth.

Here comes the spring winds to chap, tan and freckle. Use Pinesalve Carbolized (Acts like a poultice) for cuts, sores, burns, chapped lips, hands and face. It soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

THE LYCEUM

Friday, March 13, '08.

The International Comedy Success

"OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY"

By EDWARD OWINGS TOWNE, ESQ.
Author of "By Wits Outwitted," "In Old Madrid," etc.

There is nothing so good as Money, and there is no Comedy so good as "OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY"

By an All Star Cast

Three acts of Merry Repartee with Fun, Song and Dramatic Ingenuity. Bright, Brilliant, Bully, Buoyant, Breezy

Prices: 50c, 35c, 25c.

Seats now on sale at Wells' Drug Store.

Notice to Electors.

RESOLVED BY THE TOWN COUNCIL OF THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT, THAT THERE BE GIVEN

NOTICE

To the Electors of the Borough of Smethport of a Special Election to be held on Tuesday, the 14th day of April, 1908, as per following:

ORDINANCE NO. 70.

Entitled an Ordinance to establish a pavement on Main Street, or a portion thereof, in the Borough of Smethport, and to provide for the cost of construction same.

Be it ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Smethport, in the County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, and it is hereby ordained by authority of same:

Section 1. To improve the condition of Main Street, or a portion thereof, in the Borough of Smethport, and at the proper cost and expense thereof, it is hereby ordained that a suitable pavement shall be constructed and laid on Main Street, or such portion thereof as in the judgment of the Burgess and Town Council seem proper to gether with such additional paving as is necessary to include the lateral sidewalks over the intersecting streets, and the necessary amount of grading, curbing and drainage incident thereto.

Section 2. To provide for the cost and expense of constructing such pavement the Town Council desires to increase the bonded indebtedness of the said Borough of Smethport in the sum of $31,645.00, or so much thereof as may be necessary to defray the cost of such construction (which sum will increase the indebtedness of said Borough to more than two, but less than seven per centum of the last assessed valuation there of) provided, the assent of the electors of said borough can be had to such increase of bonded indebtedness, at an election to be held, as shall be hereafter prescribed by resolution of the council and notice to the electors.

All former paving ordinances are hereby repealed.

JOHN ROONEY,
President of the Council.

Attest:
W. G. HOLDEN
Secretary of the Council.

Approved this 9th day of March, A. D. 1908.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Chief Burgess.

For the purpose of obtaining such assent, there is hereby proclaimed an election to be held in due form by the legally constituted officers, at the usual places of holding elections in said Borough, upon the 14th day of April, A. D. 1908, between the hours of seven a. m. and seven p. m.

The Secretary of the Council is directed to insert a notice embodying a copy of the foregoing ordinance in the McKean County Miner and in the McKean Democrat, weekly newspapers published in said borough, once a week during thirty days prior to the day of said election, and in order to give the information and notice required by law, the following statement is declared:

The amount of the last assessed valuation of the taxable property in said Borough is,	$482,070.00
The existing funded debt of said Borough,	8,570.00
Assets,	1,470.07
Making a total present indebtedness of,	3,099.93

The percentage of the actual net increase in the bonded indebtedness of said $31,645.00 is ascertained to be .065644 of the last adjusted valuation of said Borough.

The said proposed increase of bonded indebtedness of $31,645.00 as authorized by the electors of said Borough is intended to be used wholly, or so much thereof as may be necessary to defray the cost of constructing said pavement provided in Section 1 of the foregoing Ordinance, together with the curbing, grading, drainage and such other expenses as are incident thereto.

JOHN ROONEY,
President of the Council.

Attest:
W. G. HOLDEN,
Secretary of the Council.

Approved this 9th day of March, A. D. 1908.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Chief Burgess.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION OF THE C. PLATTS SONS CUTLERY COMPANY, FOR DECREE OF DISSOLUTION OF SAID CORPORATION.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF MCKEAN COUNTY. No. 17, JUNE TERM, 1908.

Notice is Hereby Given that the C. Platts Sons Cutlery Company has filed in the above court its petition praying for a decree of dissolution, and that the court has fixed Monday, the 20th day of April, 1908, at two o'clock p. m. as the time and the said court as the place for hearing said petition and application for dissolution, when and where all persons interested can attend and show cause if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

BROWN & SCHOONMAKER,
Solicitors for Petitioner.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT. PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$295,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business: no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORBES,
JAMES A. McKEAN
C. D. COMES
CHARLES McKEAN
H. H. REDFIELD

The Equitable Life Society

Is the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

The Pittsburg agency wrote $1,957,000 of new business in November, breaking all records, and $12,000,000 in 1907.

Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

A policy now will be a safe investment and present for your family.

Send me me your name and address.

L. FOSDICK,
Frick Bldg. Pittsburg

C. A. BURDICK, Local Agent

a good lamp oil

that is safe
burns with a clear, white light
does not "frost" chimneys nor char wicks—is.

Family Favorite

Regardless of brand or price there is no better

For superior to ordinary, take no other oil

YOUR DEALER HAS IT

Waverly Oil Works
INDEPENDENT REFINERS
Oils for All Purposes
PITTSBURG, PA.
BOOKLET SENT FREE

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

Safe's
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

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DR. E. R. BAKER,
DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m,
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.
OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT · PENNA.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

New Spring Hats
New Neck-Wear
New Rain-coats
New Clothing

Gentlemen
we are ready for your
SPRING SELECTIONS

A fine Assortment of the Latest Shades in Fabrics for Spring Suits. A fit Guaranteed

WE ALWAYS LIKE LOOKERS

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SALE SALE

BOOTS & SHOES

Over $2,000.00 worth of Boots and Shoes that will be sold at

50 per cent. below cost.

Over $3,000.00 worth of Dress Goods, Stockings, Leather Gloves and Mittens, Laces, Linings, Hats and Caps, Etc., will be sold at

25 per cent. below cost.

Come in and look over the stock. You will be sure to find something.

SALE SALE SALE SALE

D. C. YOUNG

SALE SALE

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
We Can Please You.

Emperor and Puritan 50c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for

We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

The Lindholm Co.

Is giving away Talking Machines. For three months—March, April and May—we will give cash checks with cash purchases, and for the return of $25.00 in these checks and $2.98 in cash we will give a $20.00 Talking Machine. The Machines are handsome and have a beautiful tone. Perfect in every respect. Hear some of the late pieces at our store.

In addition to this we will give a 10 inch record free with every $10.00 in cash trade. Your own selections.

This is a grand opportunity to get one of these fine Machines for your home.

Remember this offer is only for March, April and May.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

SWEEPING THE FIELD

THE 1908 IMPROVED

DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

Sales to date more than double any previous year.

New 1908 Catalogues—as interesting and superior as the Machines themselves—to be had for the asking.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 12, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Basket ball at the Lyceum to-night.

—Fry & Comes have a change of advertisement to-day.

—Remember the dance at the Lyceum next Tuesday night.

—Mrs. Chas. Croissant of East Smethport, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is reported some better to-day.

—"Other People's Money" is the attraction at the Lyceum to-morrow night. See advertisement in another column.

—Ike Simons, the popular Bradford clothier, calls your attention to his "made to order" department in a new ad this week.

—George Richard Griffin, aged 73 years, a well known resident of Bradford, died at his home in that city Sunday morning.

—The Ladies Aid of the M. E. church will have a supper at the chapel on Tuesday evening, March 17th, to begin at 5:30 o'clock.

—H. W. Rubin announces in his advertisement this week that he is ready for men to make their selections in spring clothing.

—Dr. John Clark recently equalled the high score bowling record for Smethport. He made 256 pins, thereby reaching the mark set by Ward Means a few years ago.

—Harvey Pierce and Cora Kinney, who have been residents of Hazelhurst, were married Tuesday by Justice R. C. Gleason. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce will reside in Salamanca.

—Dr. William Clyde Hogan of Bradford and Miss Clara May Shaner of Olean were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Shaner, yesterday. Dr. and Mrs. Hogan will reside in Bradford.

—The following visiting priests assisted Father Downey at Forty Hour Devotion service at Emporium, from Sunday until Tuesday: Father Sheehan, Coudersport; Father Machin, Eldred; Father Becker, Port Allegany, and Father Dugan, Smethport.

—Jose Petriol, aged 35, was fatally wounded by Dominic Nosti, aged 24, in Meadville Tuesday night. The men fought a duel with revolvers, firing a number of shots, and the affray was witnessed by a large number of people. The duel was the result of a feud supposed to have originated in Italy.

—"Fun, Fact and Fancy Concerning the Japanese and Their Country," is the subject of Dr. Griffis' lecture which will be delivered at the Baptist church next Monday night for the benefit of the Traveller's club house fund.

—Bradford coppersmiths are installing copper stills, condensers and refining pans in the Smethport Chemical company's plant at East Smethport. It is understood that this factory will be placed in operation about April 1st.

—Mrs. W. W. Tate, aged 45 years, died at her home in Wellsboro last Thursday. She leaves a husband and two children. Mr. Tate is well known in Smethport and the bereaved family have the sympathy of many friends here.

—Clad only in a night gown, Lioudis Pagant, an Erie woman, was found wading in the chilly waters of Mill creek in that city Monday morning. She had been in the water for some time and died, soon after being found, from exposure.

—W. L. McGowan, Jr., a son of Prof. W. L. McGowan of Warren, formerly of Smethport, is a student at Harvard College, and was recently honored by being made a member of the Pierian Sodality Orchestra of that university, the oldest musical organization in the United States.

—Donovan Bell, a son of Prothonotary S. E. Bell, who attends the Chamberlain Military Institute at Randolph, N. Y., is confined to his home in this place suffering with a broken arm. Don was exercising in the gymnasium at the school recently and sustained a fall with the above result.

—A demented man caused considerable excitement Monday night by parading around town with a blazing torch. He visited several dwelling houses in search of matches and succeeded in badly scaring a number of women before he was rounded up by the police and placed in the lock-up.

—According to the Era Charles S. Burgess of Wellsboro, a deputy factory inspector, has brought before the attention of the Bradford council the fact that the various moving picture shows in that city were all conducted in an unsafe manner, according to his views. At the request of members of the council he suggested fire escapes and other means to abolish the dangerous conditions.

—The management of the McKean County Fair Association is already busy on arrangements for this season's meeting. The fair will be greater and grander than ever before and will probably be held in September—the exact dates have not yet been decided upon. The country will be ransacked for attractions and this, the greatest event in the yearly program of McKean county, will be second to none, perhaps better than any fair in this section of the state. Everybody should lend a helping hand and make the fourth annual fair an event long to be remembered.

—Sheriff Geo. W. Mitchell returned from Pittsburg Monday, having in charge John Capero, who was serving a 12 year sentence in the Western penitentiary on a conviction for rape, and who has been granted a new trial by the superior court, as related in the MINER last week. Capero is now in the county jail.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Services at All Saints', East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m. Week day services at St. Luke's at 9 a. m. Wednesdays and Fridays; at 7:30 p. m. on Fridays, and at 4:15 all other week days. Short sermons to children on Wednesdays at 4:15 p. m.

—Lenten devotions at St. Elizabeth's church: Sundays at 10:30 a. m., Mass and sermon; 7:30 p. m. Vespers (Stearns), sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Fridays, 7:45 p. m., Stations of the Cross and Benediction. Subjects for next Sunday: Morning, "The New Marriage Law;" evening, "Christ before Annas."

—"Other People's Money" is the attraction at the Lyceum Friday night and will be presented by the stock company which opens a long engagement at the Bradford theatre next week. The company is said to be entirely composed of clever actors and actresses and an evening of enjoyment may be confidently expected by all who visit the Lyceum to-morrow night. The prices are popular, 50, 35 and 25 cents, and the house should be packed as a result.

—The Democrats of McKean county expect to have two candidates for the Legislature, R. W. Hilton of Smethport and L. R. Shaw of Bradford, being the men they are desirous of voting for. It is understood that Mr. Hilton has consented to enter the lists and Mr. Shaw, it is believed, will also accept the honor of nomination. Both are very popular men and will get the full party support—with complimentary votes also from some of the other parties, the Prohibitionists especially.—Bradford Era.

—The editor of the Perry News tells this typical tail of woe: "We are getting out a paper under difficulties today. We had just gotten the press out of the hole in the floor which had given way under it when a gust of wind came through a crack and sent the stove gliding across the room. We got that chained down just as another blast of wind blew the office cat through a hole in the roof and the last we saw of her she was ungracefully drifting through the air toward Redrock. Fresh air is healthy, but it's hard on the cat."

—There will be an interesting game of basket ball at the Lyceum to-night, Thursday, March 13, when the strong team from St. Marys will meet the Smethport High School team. The local players will do their best to add a victory to their list and the contest will be well worth the price of admission. A preliminary contest will be played by junior teams and the main event will start at 8:30 o'clock. General admission 25 cents. Students, 15 cents. The boys can play better before a big crowd and everybody is urged to attend.

—Julius M. Hornlein called at this office Tuesday and exhibited the magnificient $50 silver cup which he was awarded at the recent Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show in Bradford. The cup was given as the prize in the Sweepstake Class for the highest scoring pair of birds of any breed on exhibition. The cup is a beautiful trophy and Mr. Hornlein is pardonably proud of having won it. It is of highly polished silver, gold lined and neatly engraved. Mr. Hornlein won the prize with a pair of White Plymouth Rocks.

The Number Fourteen In France.

So far as France is concerned, it is the number fourteen that has played a conspicuous and generally portentous part in her history. On May 14, 1554, the Rue de la Ferronnerie was enlarged by order of Henri II., and four times fourteen years later Henri IV. was assassinated there by Ravaillac—namely, on May 14, 1610. Henri had lived four times fourteen years, fourteen weeks and four times fourteen days—i. e., forty-six years and five months. Then Henri's son, Louis XIII., died May 14, 1643 (the same day and month as his fathers). And 1643 added together equals fourteen, just as 1553 (the year of the birth of Henri IV.) equals fourteen. Louis XIV. ascended the throne 1643, which added together equals fourteen and similarly the year of his death (1715) equals.

The Doctor at Sea.

A veteran naval surgeon, speaking of the odd things that crop out in the service, said that one of the younger medical cranks in the navy discovered much virtue in sea water, and no matter what disease came on his first action was to throw down the patient's throat a large dose of the nauseating liquid. The crew soon learned to hate him thoroughly. In process of time he fell overboard in a choppy sea, and a great hustle ensued. In the midst of it the captain came up and anxiously inquired the cause. "Oh, nothing, sir," replied a tar, "only the doctor has fell into his medicine chest!"

Fooling the Youngster.

"Mother," said Mr. Popley guardedly to his wife, "why not take the y-o-u-n-g-s-t-e-r to the m-a-t-i-n-e-e to-morrow?"

"Pa," chimed in the youngster quietly, "there's only one 't' in 'matinee.'"

Whenever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—Pope.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Gleason.

Personal Mention.

C. H. Corwin visited Bradford Wednesday.

E. E. Heath was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

John B. Eastman was a visitor in Kane Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Burdick visited friends in Kane Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Hungerville were Bradford visitors Saturday.

Henry Green of Olean was a guest of friends in town during the week.

Miss Alice Foster of Kasson was a guest of friends in town Tuesday.

Miss Julia Bloomster of Kasson was a guest of friends in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Joseph Fields of Hazelhurst was visiting friends in town yesterday.

Thos. W. Camp is in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, this week on a business mission.

O. D. Gallup of Norwich township was calling on friends in town yesterday.

Mrs. J. C. Backus was a guest of Bradford relatives and friends during the week.

C. L. Girard left yesterday for Perry, N. Y., where he will be employed for some time.

Miss Myrtle Hinman has returned from a four weeks' trip to Buffalo, Erie and Cleveland.

Mrs. D. M. Sheehan of Mt. Jewett called on relatives and friends in town during the week.

Mrs. Fred. Capehart of Coudersport has been the guest of friends in town during the week.

John F. Eberspatcher returned yesterday from a visit with relatives in New York state towns.

John B. Oviatt of Norwich township was in town yesterday and made this office a pleasant call.

Frank E. Baldwin of Austin, a Republican candidate for the nomination of State Senator, was in town this week.

O. J. Hamlin, Leo Digel and Harold Backus are among the Smethport visitors at the automobile show in Buffalo this week.

D. M. Brasted, H. H. Redfield, J. M. Hilton and E. E. Andrews departed yesterday to attend the automobile show in Buffalo.

J. H. Stull was looking over matters in regard to his candidacy for the Republican nomination of County Auditor in Bradford this week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ryan, who have been residents of the town for the past few months, depart Friday morning for their new home in Toledo, Ohio.

Fred Purtle, who has been on a tour with Martin's Uncle Tom's Cabin company for the past several months, has returned to his home in this place.

Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany was in town Tuesday and was accompanied home by her mother, Mrs. T. W. Camp, who will visit in that town for a few days.

W. H. Morrison, candidate for the Republican nomination for Sheriff, is spending the week in Kane and Bradford visiting friends and looking after his political interests.

—Miss Alice Daly, who is a student at Villa Marie academy at Erie, was called to her home in this place Tuesday on account of the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Ann Reilly.

Mrs. O. J. Hamlin, Mrs. H. H. Redfield, Mrs. T. H. Morrison, Mrs. E. A. Studholme, Mrs. J. S. Walker, Mrs. C. C. Choate and Miss May Choate drove to Port Allegany Tuesday.

Rev. W. A. Harris with a number of other ministers consulted with Bishop Berry in Buffalo this week. The Bishop will soon appoint a presiding elder to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Rev. Cardus of Olean.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

Wanted.

Man with team to work dairy farm, with 12 cows, on shares. Good sober man with small family. D. C. YOUNG.

Lost.

A lady's buttonless tan glove for right hand. Finder return to Sheridan Gorton's office and receive reward.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

NO MORE

useful garments are made than

Cravenette Coats

They are GUARANTEED to keep you warm when cold, and from getting wet when it rains. The very coat for all-around the year wear.

You Save from 3.50 to 6.50

by buying a CRAVENETTE COAT now.

To reduce our large stock of these Coats we will sell this week

13.50 & 15.00	Cravenette Coats	9.00
15.00 & 16.50	" "	12.00
18.50 & 20.00	" "	15.00

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

New Laces and Embroideries

¶ We direct your attention to a new lot of exquisite Laces and Embroideries which this store offers for your inspection this week.

¶ The newest American and European ideas are here represented in ample variety.

Your presence will be appreciated

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT - PENN'A.

ANDORFER & LYLE

GROCERIES.

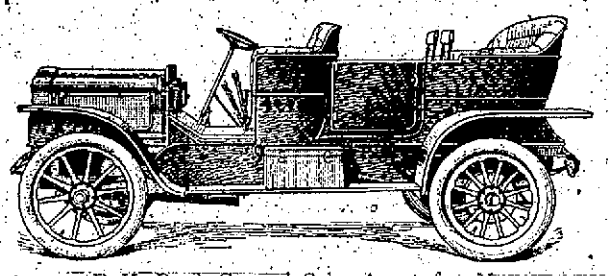
The Best Line of Canned Goods

HEINZ PRESERVED FRUITS

First-Class Satisfaction Guaranteed

ANDORFER & LYLE.

NEW 1908, MODEL K, WHITE STEAM CAR



F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Fair Means or Foul.

By JANE LEE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham.

There may have been a time when the rain came down in greater quantities, but certainly not within the memory of the sloppers on Broadway one day early in February.

Some few without the saving grace of faith had almost persuaded themselves that a second flood was imminent, while others plodded through the slushy rivers in gutters ten while to be jumped with no feeling save dumb misery.

The wind blew with such velocity that it was impossible to hold an umbrella, and broken ones had been thrown into the gutters, giving the appearance of a fleet of black ships as they whirled and finally stopped at the corner sewer. Women who were forced by circumstances to be out held their skirts with one hand and took a firm grip on their hats with the other.

Among the few stragglers the police man noticed the figure of a young girl, who had passed him several times now peering over the curb as if fascinated by the ebb and flow of the stream.

Her clothes were of a good cut and material. Her curly locks were much bedraggled, and a tiny green streamer was running down one cheek, thanks to the combination of rain and green ribbon upon her hat. The man in uniform and brass buttons stepped to her side as she hesitated at a rather perilous crossing.

"Fair day, miss," said he as he offered to help her across the street.

"Bad? I should say it was! And in more ways than one! You see, I have lost my purse, and I am visiting in Bayville. I have not even money enough to get back to the house," explained the girl as she looked up helplessly at the policeman.

He eyed her suspiciously. To his ears such stories were not uncommon.

"That's a good story, all right! Sure it's true, are you?" he said.

Just then the tall figure of a man, with his hat pulled down well over his eyes, passed them. The girl brightened as she saw him.

"Oh, call that man, please do," she cried as the tall figure strode on. "He's from Bayville too."

The policeman ran over and touched the man on the shoulder.

"Lady over there wants you, sir."

The man glanced back, and then, with one agile leap across the gutter, he was at her side.

"Miss Merrill, can it be you? What on earth are you doing out in this pouring rain?" The questions fell thick and fast and without pause for answer. "Let us step into this drug store, and do tell me what I can do for you."

They entered the store, and a friendly clerk offered them chairs and then politely retired to the rear of the store.

Helen Merrill tried to adjust a stray lock and turned her blue eyes to meet her companion's interested gaze.

"It was awfully good of you to say you knew me. That policeman was horrid, and I thought you'd remember having seen me in uncle's trap."

"How could I fail to see you?" mused the man, and the girl blushed as she resumed her story.

"I came in town to do some shopping, and I've lost my purse. It was only snowing this morning, and I could not foresee this awful wind and rain storm. I dropped my purse as I was crossing the street, and, though I've looked and looked the whole length of that dirty gutter, I cannot find it," she explained to him. He offered no response. He was apparently lost in studying the depths of the blue eyes before him. "Oh, won't you send me back home, Mr. Marshall? I know Uncle John will consider it a neighborly courtesy."

Clayton Marshall smiled and glanced at his watch.

"I am awfully sorry to hear about your plight, Miss Merrill, and of course I will take you home at once. We have just time to catch the 2:30 train—that is, unless you would rather have a bite to eat first."

"Eat!" she cried. "I feel like a drowned rat and must look like one. No restaurant would admit me. Hungry as I am, I fear that home is the place for me," Helen replied. "But," she continued, "if you will put me on the train it will be quite sufficient. Surely your office is not closed so early."

Marshall protested and finally won the day. He called a hansom, and together they took the train for Bayville. They telephoned in advance, and the family carriage was at the depot to meet Helen.

"Uncle John can thank you better than I," she said as they parted.

"Think so?" asked Marshall. And then they both laughed.

The leading papers the next morning contained a large and conspicuous advertisement: "Lost, a gold mesh purse, containing bills, gold pencil and family commutation ticket between Bayville and New York. Liberal reward if returned to Miss Helen Merrill, Bayville, N. Y."

Helen Merrill was visiting in one of those richly appointed suburban homes now frequently seen on the outskirts of a large city.

Her Uncle John, a retired stock broker and bachelor, hated town life and lived in Bayville the year round. He loved to have his pretty niece visit him, while she was eager to leave her simple southern home and be his guest for weeks at a time, though her uncle was a vigorous chaperon.

The doorbell rang several times during the day, but the finder of the purse did not appear until late that evening, though Helen listened eagerly for the covered summons.

About 8 o'clock a maid announced to Miss Merrill that a young man had called, saying he had found a purse and would like to have her identify it. Helen ran down the stairs, delighted at the thought of finding her lost treasure. In front of the open fire stood Clayton Marshall, warming his hands.

"Mr. Marshall," explained Helen, with the pretty blush that was one of her girlish charms, "the maid said there was a man here who had found my purse, but I guess he must be outside."

"Not at all, Miss Merrill. I am the man who has the purse," and he drew forth from the depths of his pocket the missing trinket. Helen's cry of delight did not seem to be contagious, for Marshall assumed rather a depressed air.

"Mr. Marshall, you are surely a fairy prince! Yesterday you seemed like a second Noah escorting me in your modern ark up to my home," said Helen gayly. "Today you come like a Santa Claus, giving up back my purse. How can I ever thank you enough?" she added.

"I want to tell you something, if I may," said Marshall as they seated themselves in comfortable chairs. "I saw you talking to that policeman yesterday long before you saw me," he continued. "Again and again I have asked your precious old uncle to introduce me to you, but he always put me off, saying, 'What awhile, young man; wait awhile.'

"I got so I hated the sight of him more and more, and I determined to meet you in some other way, but no opportunity seemed to come until yesterday. As I was about to cross Broadway I saw this mass of shining gold whirling past me, and as I stopped to pick it up I heard you talking to the policeman. Even then, slipping the purse in my pocket, feeling quite sure that you would call me back. You did, and, well—you know the rest!"

"Such a deceitful man!" mused Helen. "And all the time that I was catching pneumonia you had that purse in your pocket. Oh, how could you?"

"That is just what's bothering me," said Marshall. "How could I?" But his eyes twinkled. "But if you were very, very much in love with a man and wanted to know him would you hesitate to steal a purse in order to accomplish that end? Now, honest," he pleaded as he drew his chair to a more confidential angle.

Helen Merrill's eyes began to dance.

"Men are such stupid, simple minded creatures!" she began. "Imagine asking a woman for an honest answer. Why, the thing is almost absurd. Yet I'm going to be honest; but, mind you, only for this once," she said as she leaned forward, almost whispering.

"Just this once," said Marshall, and the space between them was shortened by several inches.

"I could have got home yesterday without your help," she confided. "All I had to do was to go across the street to the First National bank and write my check. But I saw you coming, and—well, whenever I asked Uncle John why he didn't have you to dinner like some of the other men he'd say, 'Wait awhile, young lady; wait awhile.' And—and I thought I had waited long enough—and you know the rest."

"Now that we have both been so terribly honest with each other," said Marshall as he rose and stood beside the chair which held the second culprit, "suppose we go together to Uncle John and make a clean breast of it to him?"

"Not at all. You know, I only promised to be honest 'just once,' and that would make twice," argued Helen.

"There's luck in odd numbers," said Marshall. "You were honest to me just now. That's once. Let's go and be honest with Uncle John, and that's twice. And then once more I want you to be honest and answer a question. That's three, the odd number."

They were in the hall by this time on the way to the library and Uncle John. Marshall leaned very close to her as he asked her the third. No one ever heard it save Helen, but after that it really did not matter what Uncle John said.

The Loves of a Violinist.

"A violinist," said M. Ysaye, "can love as many fiddles as a sultan can love wives, and more. I should like a violin harem—a regular seraglio of fiddles—Strads, Guadagninis, a Guarnerius or two, a few Amatis and even a few Gaglianos." Once early in his career he was passionately attracted by an alleged Guadagnini in a pawnbroker's window in Hamburg. Buying it was out of the question, and the pawnbroker, after much persuasion, only consented to lay aside the instrument for awhile. Even then possession seemed remote until Ysaye, meeting a diamond dealing friend, actually fired him with so much enthusiasm for fiddles that he consented to leave a bag of stones with the pawnbroker as security for the instrument. "In this way," said Ysaye, "I was married to my first love among the fiddles, my beautiful Guadagnini."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Kites and Kites.

Mr. Plunkett, a famous Irish barrister, had great wit. Before Lord Chancellor of Ireland Redesdale Plunkett had occasion to use the word "kites" very frequently as designating fraudulent bills and promissory notes.

"I don't quite understand your meaning, Mr. Plunkett," said the lord chancellor. "In England kites are paper playthings used by boys. In Ireland they seem to mean some species of monetary transaction."

"There is another difference, my lord," Mr. Plunkett replied. "In England the wind raises the kites; in Ireland the kites raise the wind."

Manzan Pile Remedy comes ready to use, put up in a collapsible tube with nozzle attached. One application proves its merit. Soothes and heals, reduces inflammation and relieves soreness and itching. For all forms of piles. Price 50c. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

THE COUNTRY BANKER.

His Influence on National Finance During Crop Harvesting.

Enter the small town for almost any purpose—to sell books, to seek a location, to look up land titles, to write life insurance, to get a news story, to collect a debt—and early in your visit you will go to the ornate, imposing building on the corner of the two busiest streets. You will pass a lattice crowned counter and be admitted to a room large enough only to hold a desk and two chairs. There you will come face to face with the town's financier, the Pierpont Morgan of the community, the banker. Not an enterprise, not a considerable business undertaking, is started without consultation with him. The man who sells a farm and wishes to put his money where it will earn interest goes to the banker. The widow with a few thousand dollars of life insurance—more money than she ever saw together in all her life before—asks the banker how to invest it. It would be better if more of this cash would take the banker's advice when it is given. Then there is the merchant who owes for a large portion of his goods. He comes nervously asking if the bank will "see him through" the dull season. The banker gives assent to one, explains to another, refuses a third and comes at last to read unconsciously the business record of every man he meets on the street.

The country banker exerts his greatest influence on national finance during the crop harvesting season. Whether it be in the gathering of fruit in California, of cotton in the south or of wheat in the plains region, the banker comes in direct touch with the worker.

Take the wheat harvest as covering the widest area and creating the most intense demand during its existence. In a single state 20,000 harvesters are needed besides those already at work on the farms. Through the labor bureaus and railway departments whole train loads of workers are secured from states at a distance. These helpers are mostly itinerants, and they have no local standing. A grain raiser went among his laborers one Saturday night and, asking their names, proceeded to make out checks for the week's work.

"What shall we do with them?" asked one.

"Cash them at the bank, of course."

"Who will identify us?"

The employer saw the point, tore up the checks and secured currency with which to pay the men. That made a demand on the bank. Scores of other farmers were doing the same thing. Hundreds of other communities did it. The result is that the country bankers draw millions of dollars from the "reserve centers" every harvest and to some degree change national financial currents thereby.—C. M. Harger in Atlantic Monthly.

Helping the Postoffice.

"It is surprising," said a postoffice employee, "how many people there are who think they know better than the postal authorities the most direct way for a letter to reach its destination. It is quite common for us to handle mail that has instructions in regard to speedy delivery written in one corner of the envelope. Not only are we directed to send domestic mail by a certain railroad or steamboat line, but the route by which the writers wish foreign bound letters to travel is also designated. These instructions frequently denote a lamentable ignorance of transportation facilities on the part of the writers. If they were obeyed the delivery of the letters would be delayed, rather than expedited. Fortunately such directions are disregarded by the postal authorities unless they happen to coincide with the government's arrangements for handling mail, so nobody is inconvenienced except the clerks who read the unnecessary advice."—New York Sun.

Mother.

At a mothers' meeting a young woman recounted with some pride a number of proverbs about mothers.

"'It's easier for a poor mother to keep seven children than for seven children to keep a mother.' That sad and striking proverb," she said, "is from the Swiss.

"'A mother's love is new every day.' 'He who will not mind his mother will some day have to mind the jailer.' 'Better lose a rich father than a poor mother.' 'A father's love is only knee deep, but a mother's reaches to the heart.' Those proverbs are all German.

"The Hindoos say poetically, 'Mother mine, ever mine, whether I be rich or poor.'

"The Venetians say, 'Mother!' He who has one calls her. He who has none misses her.'

"The Bohemians say, 'A mother's hand is soft even when it strikes.'

"The Lithuanians say, 'Mother means martyr!'"

Novelty in Cement Wall.

There is a wall of cement in Los Angeles which shores up one side of a building lot that has an artistic value never intended by the builder. He had moved his bags of cement on to the ground to be ready for work and was then called away on some other job for a day or two. In the meantime one of the very infrequent rains came on, and each sack turned into stone under the action of the water, and the fabric of the sacks themselves was absorbed into the cement so that it was impossible to remove it. Consequently each sack was wrought into the wall as if it had been a bowlder or the like of an old stone wall. They were then chinked and bound together with worked cement, and after a time the weather disposed of the gunny sacking, but left the blocks marked with the impress of the weave. The result is a highly ornamental cement wall, resembling at a little distance a wall of some woven material.

Be careful about that little cough. Get something right away; some good, reliable remedy that will move the bowels. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently yet promptly on the bowels and allays inflammation at the same time. It is pleasant to take and it is especially recommended for children, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. Sold by L. K. Hogarth

MEN OF THE FRONTIER

How They Brought Law and Order to the Unruly West.

THE RULE OF THE REVOLVER.

Life in the Wild Days When Gun Plays Occasioned Little Comment, Yet When There Was Always Safety in "Leaving It to the Crowd."

The bold, reckless life of the frontier of the middle years of the nineteenth century and later has been often recalled in the stories of desperadoes and bad men, but in the birth and growth of the frontier cities is a unique phase of American civic genius which has been little dwelt upon.

Most of the cities of the far west have hovered close about the gatherings of hardy miners as they came or went on a feverish search for gold. In forty-nine 80,000 men from all parts of the world reached the El Dorado of California. Some traveled 2,000 miles overland; others went far around by Panama or Cape Horn. In fifty-nine 100,000 gold seekers stampeded wildly across the sunburnt plains of Colorado. Only 40,000 stayed the year through. Of like kind, although of smaller proportions, were all the pilgrimages that are more or less responsible for the cities of the west, the finding of a streak of magic yellow, its story tenking out and growing, the glimpse of nuggets and specimens and then the grand, tongueless rush to the Land of Get-Rich-Quick.

Thousands of daring spirits were drawn by the yellow loadstone, intent on nothing but the accumulation of wealth. Then necessity produced some weird assemblages of tents, shanties and log cabins, many of which grew into cities. Often full grown towns sprang up in a few months. Far from any state or territorial government and composed of a conglomerated herd of excited men, none of whom had time for civic affairs, these embryo cities existed and grew under conditions that were unique and extremely wild.

Our forefathers landed on the eastern coast full of religious zeal and a desire for freedom of thought and life. Their leaders and law came with them. They prayed and lived communistically as long as they could, then increased, expanded and developed into a nation. But the gold discoveries of California, Nevada, Colorado and Montana brought thousands of independent men to the wilderness who were full of the hunger for gold, not hopes; who had no leaders, no laws to which they could appeal and nothing to bind them together. Then the leaders came out of the crowd, and the law grew as it was needed. It was only after a time that any of these men came to consider remaining permanently in the country, and it was these venturesome builders who developed the newer part of our nation.

From the nature of things, with so much at stake among such hard living men, there were plenty of fights and disputes. There being no authority to which to appeal, differences were settled between man and man. A six shooter was the greatest help a man could get toward a physical superiority over other men, and so everybody carried a "gun" and knew how to use it. The trigger finger grew nimble with practice, and there developed a condition where frequent killings and shootings occasioned little comment or criticism, where men were almost indifferent to the spilling of blood and looked death square in the face with a nonchalance that is hardly conceivable now. Shooting affrays were the froth of a very strong brew of the border life, and they put a settlement to questions quickly and definitely. If when the smoke cleared away some good man lay biting the dust, his fight had gone out according to the code of the time, fierce and barbarous as codes must be when man first struggles with nature.

And yet there was always safety in "leaving it to the crowd." The general sentiment of the community was very partial to fairness and honesty during the early days of most border towns. There were no locks or keys, almost any man's credit was good to any amount, and stores and provisions could lay untouched for months in wholly unguarded places. It was the natural, frank honesty of the virgin west and a veritable paradise for thieves and criminals.

And they came, hordes of murdering, plundering adventurers who knew no code of morals or chivalry, and resorted to anything to accomplish their ends. They found plunder rich, crime easy and escape still easier and, drifting all over the country, levied tribute from each new camp as it sprang into being. Often these men were in such a majority that a man who believed in honesty and justice was a man indeed if he had the courage to back his ideals. But there were such men, men as God meant men to be, full of the sense of right and the fitness of things and unafraid. They stepped right into the opening and tackled some of the cussedest crowds in Christendom, teaching a wholesome respect for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" to bunches of drinking, blasphemous and unharnessed tempers. The gun fightings, lynchings and wanton spillings of blood that spiced the histories of the time may have been very close to savagery, but they serve now to deepen the respect we must have for men who harnessed law and order on such conditions.—Outing Magazine.

Good Temper.

Good temper is like a sunny day.—French Proverb.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

ETIQUETTE IN KASSALA.

A Chat Between a Male Heathen and Two Native Ladies.

Some of the traditional observances in the polite society of other lands afford, in addition to amusement, considerable opposition to the free intercourse to which modern conditions have accustomed us. Mrs. Speedy, one of the first English ladies to visit Kassala, gives a good instance of this in her "Wanderings in the Sudan" when relating how she and her husband received their first callers. Their patroness was an Italian lady who had long been a resident of the city.

"In the morning a rap came to the door," writes Mrs. Speedy, "and on opening it I saw madame, with two Arab women, standing outside. She inquired cautiously if Charlie were within, and on my saying that he was she made a sign to the two ladies, who drew the thickly concealing shawl still more closely over their hidden faces and moved off to one side to the passage, turning their backs to the door way.

"She then explained to me that they were of very high rank and of a very strict sect and must on no account be seen by a stranger man, especially not by one who was of another nation and an infidel. They were, however, very anxious to see me and had come to do me that honor, and if Charlie would not object to go below or into some other room for a few minutes they would make their visit very short.

"I represented the state of the case and he at once consented to absent himself, his only regret being that he should not have a chance to converse with these ladies, as there were many things which he wished especially to know and which he was not likely to have any opportunity so good as the present for ascertaining. In turn, I represented this side of the question to madame, and after much hesitation and whispered conversation in the passage a compromise was effected.

"It was arranged that, completely veiled, the ladies should enter the room, not venturing to turn their heads in the direction of the masculine heathen, and that he should before they entered turn his back to the direction by which they would come in.

"This was all strictly carried out, and thus, back to back and a considerable distance apart, an edifying conversation went on for half an hour, questions being put in bland, inquiring tones and dulcet replies given, which appeared to be quite satisfactory to both parties."

The Longest "Straight."

To the Buenos Aires and Pacific railway belongs the peculiar distinction of having on its system the longest straight stretch of railway in the world. The length of this is 205¼ miles, and it is situated on the main line, between 158 and 363½ miles from Buenos Aires. The straight was formerly broken by seven curves forming a detour around Lake Sorin. The longer portion was then 175 miles long and was even then the world's record. The lake having, however, practically dried up, the company suppressed the curves, and the cutoff was opened to service on Oct. 15, 1907. It seems that when the line was set out in the sections, at which time the country was in the hands of the Indians, after leaving Junin, which was a military outpost and the last point of contact with the Buenos Aires civilization, a course of about west-northwest was set and the line run straight across the flat pampas, until it met another line about sixty miles long, which was pushed out eastward from the western terminus, Villa Mercedes. There were no obstacles of importance to avoid, and hence the phenomenal bee line.—Engineer.

Cain's Wife.

"I never discuss marriage," said the late General Fitz-Hugh Lee, "without thinking of an old colored preacher in my state who was addressing his dark skinned congregation when a white man rose up in the back of the building.

"'Mr. Preacher,' said the white man.

"'Sir to you,' said the parson.

"'Mr. Preacher, you are talking about Cain, and you say he got married in the land of Nod after he killed Abel. But the Bible only mentions Adam and Eve as being on the earth at that time. Whom, then, did Cain marry?'

"The colored preacher snorted with unfeigned contempt.

"'Huh!' he said. 'You hear dat, brederen an' sisters? You hear dat fool question I am axed? Cain, he went to de land o' Nod, just as de good book tells us, an' in de land o' Nod Cain gits so lazy an' so shiftless dat he up an' marries a gal o' one o' dem no 'count pore white trash families dat de' inspired apostle didn't consider fittin' to mention in de holy word.'"

Departed Glories of Fez.

Fez—the "fertile," the Rome of the western Arabs, still retains traces of the magnificence which made her in the middle ages the rival of Mecca. In the twelfth century the holy city, to which when the road to Mecca was closed pilgrimages were made, contained as many as 700 temples, fifty of which were adorned with marble pillars. In those old days the city was the haunt of philosophers, physicians and astronomers. A mere formal pretense of study is now all that is practiced. "They have Euclid in folio volumes," a traveler writes, "but neither copied nor read. The teacher sits cross-legged on the ground and repeats in a drawling tone between singing and crying words which are echoed by the scholars sitting around him." Fez, however, is honest enough in one respect—she does not believe in outward show. In the interior of the houses are apartments decorated with paintings and arabesques, while the outside walls are often built of mud.

30 days' trial $1.00 is the offer on Pinenles. Relieves back-ache, weak back, lame back, rheumatic pains. For sale on sale for kidneys, bladder and blood. Good for young and old. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secty of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
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Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
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County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
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Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayer, Smethport.

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Assessor—G. R. Hyde.
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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL D. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 429, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month and p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 184, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORGENSEN, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
MRS. A. A. ABBEY, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BARR, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EBENSBACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
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Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE
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Two... Hermits.

By BELLE MANIATES.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Homer Sprague.

"Find me," Orville commanded, "the most isolated farmhouse in your district, where I can have comfortable accommodations for the summer and in no way be hampered in the creation of the book that at present exists in embryo within my brain."

After much skirmishing and scouring of the country Murray found what he thought he wanted and wrote his friend to come on.

Orville came by next train. Murray met him at the station in his big red car, and they sped down a broad, dust white highway.

"Looks thickly settled," objected Orville anxiously.

"We have only started on our road to nowhere," laughed Murray. "I'll cure you of your desire for solitude, I think."

Six miles farther he turned into a crossroad with farmhouses few, and far between.

"This is better," declared Orville.

"It will keep getting better from your standpoint," retorted Murray.

On they sped until the car swerved and turned into what looked to Orville like an overgrown copse.

"You don't mean this is a road?" he said as the car bumped and protested against the ruts and underbrush.

"Not just a lane, the only house on which is the one where I have engaged

HE PAUSED BEFORE IT FOR SOME TIME.

quarters for you. The Gliddens live there, but rent out their ground, so there will be no help' even—just Gidd; den and his wife; not a rural route delivery to break the monotony. I believe a peddler passes once a year. You can be lost to the world and, like the little girl in the song, have 'nobody nigh to hinder.'"

"Murray, this place was made for me!" ejaculated the young author as the car swooped down upon a white house nestled among the trees.

Murray helped him carry his belongings into the big airy bedroom and then returned to town, with a curious smile lighting his face.

The place proved ideal for Orville's purpose. The farmer and his wife were quiet people, little given to speech. They never disturbed him when he was at work even to the extent of summoning him to a meal. When hunger drove him from his work, no matter what the hour might be, food was prepared without an objection. A beautiful winding river with incurving shores swept through the farm, and here at eve Dick Orville was wont to repair for inspiration. Under these blissful conditions his ideas developed and unfolded charmingly. Then there came the inevitable ending.

"I am sorry," faltered his landlady one morning, "but Hiram went to the postoffice today, and he found a letter from a young lady in the city. She is an artist and wants to come here to paint and to be alone."

"Well, write to her that she can't come," replied Orville quickly. "I'll pay you double"—

"It's too late," said Mrs. Glidden. "You see, the letter was written a week ago. We don't get our mail only once in a while. She said if she didn't hear to the contrary she'd come today. But I'll try and find her another place near here. The Allens take boarders. I may have to keep her overnight if she comes. Would you like to hear her letter?"

Before he could politely decline this proffer Mrs. Glidden began to read the letter, which was girlishly written. She said that she longed for a place where she could be quiet, some place that was remote from neighbors, where she could paint and dream at will; that a friend in passing the Glidden farm had thought it would be just the kind of place she craved and had written her about it.

Some of Orville's irritation vanished upon hearing the letter. There was a note of appeal in it, a reflection of his own mood, that touched him.

"She evidently craves solitude as much as I do and so she will avoid me," he thought.

"We might try it, Mrs. Glidden," he proposed, "and if I find her presence interrupts my work in any way we can ask Mrs. Allen to take her in. They have other boarders, and I imagine she wouldn't get the quiet there that she so evidently wants. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll move my writing table and books and things down to the little cabin on the river bank and do my work there."

He proceeded to carry out this plan and remained in his new quarters the rest of the day. It was dusk when he came to the farmhouse for something to eat.

"She's upstairs," volunteered Mrs. Glidden. "She's awfully young and pretty. I told her I had a gentleman boarder who came here to be alone, and she said she wouldn't disturb you in the least."

But Orville wasn't interested in hearing of the newcomer. His mind was intent on a complicated situation in his book, and he paid no heed to what his landlady was saying.

Three days and nights intervened without an encounter of the two would be hermits. Once Orville came upon an easel down in the orchard. He paused before it for some time, lost in admiration of the talent displayed. Then he walked on to the river. That night he was unable to write. Memories he was striving to stifle were awakened by the bit of landscape he had viewed.

The next morning as he was seated at his writing table in the cabin making heroic efforts to concentrate his thoughts on his work, he heard the sound as of some one running. He went to the door and saw a young girl carrying a tin pail filled with artist's materials running toward the cabin in great alarm.

"Oh," she gasped, with a half sob, "save me. He'll follow me in here!"

In an instant Orville's strong right arm was about her shivering form.

"Kathie! Would I let any one or anything harm you?"

She lifted a white face.

"Oh, Dick! You? Why—you are not Mrs. Glidden's boarder—the one I've been hiding from?"

"Yes, but tell me, what frightened you?"

"The bull! He chased me down here through the meadows."

Orville placed her in a chair and stepped outside. In a moment he returned with the pail of paints and brushes.

"It's all right, Kathie," he said reassuringly; "the pail, supposed to contain nourishment, was the attraction. The gentle creature I found sniffing suspiciously and disapprovingly at your paints was a young, harmless thing commonly known as a mulley cow."

Kathie's eyes were downcast. The silence that ensued was profound and eloquent. Then she looked up and met his steady gaze with a half smile.

"Dick," she said faintly, "did Tom Murray by any chance know you were here?"

"Tom Murray! Why, he found me this place. I wrote him to look me in a farmhouse where I could be quite alone and write. Why?"

"I saw him the other day and told him I wanted a farmhouse where I could be quite alone and paint. Dick!"

"Dear, Tom was far wiser than we. Shall we profit by his vision and let his plan work out as he intended? Can't we forgive and forget, Kathie?"

Later, when Mrs. Glidden saw her two boarders coming slowly up from the fields she sagely remarked to her spouse:

"Well, pa, that's a man and a woman the world over!"

Her Exalted Position.

"Ye needn't think because ye see me goin' an' comin' be th' back door iv Mr. Malcolm Goldborough's mansion that Oi'm won iv th' common servants iv th' house," said the haughty customer to the uncivil butcher.

"Oh," ejaculated the fat little man, abruptly turning obsequious, "are—are you a family connection of the great Goldborough's, ma'am?"

"Oi'm more than a mere connection, sir."

"Pardon me," added the butcher, gazing patronizingly at this personage, "you're one of the family that's been abroad and whom I haven't had the pleasure of meeting before perhaps?"

"Ye'll have t' go higher than thot."

"Not Mr. Malcolm's new wife?" gasped the fat little man. "I didn't have a suspicion that he"—

"Higher, men. Oi'm higher."

"Higher?" uttered the perfectly bewildered butcher.

"Yis. Oi'm th' cook!"—Bohemian.

Drug Store For Horses.

"I came across a queer little drug store the other day," said the city salesman. "It makes a specialty of veterinarian prescriptions. According to the proprietor's own account, they don't sell very much in that store except horse medicine. They sell more of that than any other drug store in town. The neighborhood abounds in stables and animals' hospitals, and most of the drugs used in doctoring sick horses are bought at that store. Of course the place is fitted up with the usual drug store paraphernalia. There is a soda water fountain, a cigar stand, postage stamps can be purchased there and drafts and doses for human beings will be compounded upon request, but those familiar and supposedly primary functions of a drug store are in this case a superfluity, because about all that druggist does is to put up cures for equine ailments."—New York Press.

Her Secret.

Wife—Have you any secrets you keep from me, dearest?

Husband—None, darling.

Wife—Then I am determined I will have none from you either.

Husband—Have you secrets, then?

Wife—Only one, and I am resolved to make a clean breast of it.

Husband (hoarsely)—Go on!

Wife—For several days I have had a secret—a secret longing for a new dress, with hat to match, for my birthday.

That fetched him.—London Mail.

CHURCH TIME.

Quaint Ways of the Early Dutch Settlers in the New World.

As early as 1660 the Dutch settlers at Kingston, N. Y., erected with their own hands a little church building and dedicated it the following year. When a regular minister arrived from Holland the same year, writes Mrs. Nellie Urner Wallington in "Historic Churches of America," he found himself a domine with a membership of but sixteen souls and a salary paid in wheat, which was then legal tender among these humble tillers of the soil.

In 1694 a bell was imported and gave such pleasure to the members of the little parish that they used it to announce the hours for meals for the farmers of the neighborhood.

The observance of one quaint custom was reminiscent of their former life in Holland—the announcement by the gray haired sexton between the ringing of the first and last church bells that the hour for service had arrived.

From door to door he traveled, rapped loudly and cried, "Church time!"

Notices of all kinds, whether of funerals, christenings, weddings or merrymakings, were handed first to the sexton, who in turn gave them to the clerk, who stuck them on the end of the bamboo pole which he kept for that purpose and reached them up to the domine.

At the termination of the service, as in other Dutch churches, the deacons took up the collection with long poles having little velvet bags hung on the ends and a tinkling bell to wake the sleepers to the responsibilities of a contribution.

THE DUCK SHOVER.

A Man Who Gets Things on the Bounce and the Nod.

An amusing dialogue occurred between Judge Willis, K. C., and a plaintiff who sued a man for the value of a quantity of grain supplied.

His honor said he had received a letter from the defendant who said he could offer only half a crown a month. "That," continued his honor, "will take six years to get rid of the debt."

Plaintiff (emphatically)—I would willingly forgive a poor man, but when you find he is a "swanker" and doing every one in the neighborhood it puts your back up. (Laughter.) We have to cut things very fine in order to get a shilling or two, and then these gentry come "swanking" about the country as if they were toffs. I am told by others that he is nothing more than a "duck shover." (Laughter.)

His Honor—A what shover? (Loud laughter.)

Plaintiff—Duck shover, your honor, a man who gets things on the bounce and the nod. (Renewed laughter.)

His Honor—You mean a man who gets people to let him have things on credit by representations that are not correct? Is that what you mean to convey by your big phrases—duck shover and so forth? (Laughter.)

Plaintiff—That's it—duck shover and swanker. (Renewed laughter.)

An order to pay 5 shillings monthly was made.—London News.

For Husbands.

A clergyman took down a small volume.

"This is called," he said, "the 'Instructions of Ptah-ho-Tep.' It is one of the very oldest papyrus writings known. It gives among other things advice to husbands, and that advice is as good today as it ever was. Listen."

And he read:

"'If thou be wise, furnish thy house well.

"'Woo thy wife ever, and never quarrel with her.

"'Nourish her dalntily.

"'Deck her out, for fine dress is her greatest delight.

"'Feed her upon sweets.

"'Perfume her.

"'Make her glad with praise.

"'Adorn her with jewels, feathers and the skins of beasts as sumptuously as thy purse will suffer.'"

How Much He Thought About Her.

They were on their way to the theater, and she was tremulously happy. She felt that the words she longed to hear would be spoken that night, and the idea made her almost dizzy with delight.

"Mr. Sampson," she said softly, "why do you wear that bit of string upon your finger?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Sampson, taking it off, "that was to remind me of my engagement with you tonight."

It wasn't much, but it was enough to take away the delightful dizziness.—London Chronicle.

The First Advertiser.

The author looked up from the first chapter of his mammoth "History of Advertising."

"I wonder," he murmured, "who could have been the first manufacturer to advertise. It is an item that would fit in well here."

"There is no extant data on the subject," said the farmer, "but I have every reason to believe that she hen is the person you are looking for."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The World Goes On.

We all imagine that our work is important and that no one can do it as well as we do, but the world has been constantly improving in spite of the fact that every man dies at the end of a short time.—Atchison Globe.

Ready Remedy.

Author—I am troubled with insomnia. I lie awake at night hour after hour thinking about my literary work. His Friend—How very foolish of you! Why don't you get up and read portions of it?

"Roses Red and Violets Blue."

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyrighted, 1908, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

The waiting room in the big department store was in a balcony that formed a sort of halfway house between the first and second floors. From a seat in one of the bulging corners one commanded the whole sweep of busy counters—all the sparkle and glitter and color of attractively displayed goods.

To Jessica, nineteen, pretty and visiting the great city for the first time, it seemed like fairyland.

"I want to buy everything," she said to Aunt Theodora Hancock, who had brought her there.

Aunt Theodora smiled indulgently.

"All is not gold that glitters," she said.

Jessica smiled back. "But I like the glitter," she said. "I never use scented soap, but I shall surely buy some because of the pretty box—and that pale green pongee paper is a dream, although I never write on anything but white. And I am awfully drawn to those strings of glass beads, even though I am sure that I should never dare wear them in public."

But Aunt Theodora after years of city residence was an experienced shopper. "Beware of temptation," she warned. "Come on upstairs and look at the sensible things."

"I don't want to be sensible," Jessica pleaded. "I want to stay here and see people buying things that they don't want for the mere pleasure of buying."

Aunt Theodora hesitated.

"Do you really want to sit here for awhile?" she asked, with an air of relief. "I could leave you and slip up to the grocery department and give an order that you mustn't see from this counter, or I should never find you."

"Oh, I'll stay," Jessica promised. "Go run along, Aunt Thea. I am perfectly happy right here."

So Aunt Theodora took her stately way through the crowds, and just as she disappeared Jessica's eyes fell on the valentines.

There was a marvelous display right in the middle of the store, and strung from post to post were plump red hearts garnished with golden darts, while fascinating pink cupids bobbed and bowed with every tiny current of air that swept through the store.

Jessica's heart gave a little throb of delight. She would buy one for Cousin Bob. He would never know who sent it, and she would like to see his eyes on St. Valentine's morning when he opened his mail at the breakfast table.

Without a thought of Aunt Theodora she hurried downstairs to the crowded counter.

It was not easy to make a choice. There were so many beauties—exquisite, modern, hand painted cards, with verses from all the love poets and old fashioned valentines with old fashioned rhymes.

Jessica's eyes rested lovingly on a quaint affair of lace paper with a nosegay of fat, pink roses and huge violets in the center. It was very like one that Cousin Bob had sent her when she was a little girl, and she had kept it among the most precious of her treasures. The verse, too, was the same:

Roses red and violets blue,
My heart to you is ever true.

She smiled a little wistfully as she read. Probably Cousin Bob had forgotten that other valentine—had forgotten the later days when at twenty-two he had visited the old farm and had made a new world for little Jessica of fifteen. He had seemed wonderful to her then, and he was still wonderful, with his frank, kind ways and his pleasant manner. But now he was a man of the world, and he might marry almost any of the beautiful women of his set.

Again she fingered the valentine. Why not send it?

And even as she spoke Jessica rose in sight, eyes shining, her cheeks as red as roses and in her hand a paper package.

"By Jove, she's a charming little thing," said Cousin Bob, noting with appreciation the ripple of her hair, the delicate opal of her face above her soft gray furs, the becomingness of the violets in her hat.

Aunt Theodora looked at him reproachfully.

"Well, have you just discovered her attractions?" she asked. "I brought her down here because she is the sweetest little gentlewoman I have ever met, and I wanted to show you another type from the gay young ladies that you meet in society. And you have hardly noticed her."

Cousin Bob laughed.

"You're a matchmaker," he teased. "Do you really want me to marry Jessica?"

Aunt Theodora looked at him scornfully. "I love you both," she said, "and I'd like to leave my money to both of you. But you've been so slow making up your mind that some one may have got in ahead of you."

"Oh," began Cousin Bob. And just then Jessica joined them, and Cousin Bob insisted on taking them to a wonderful restaurant, where they had lunch to the sound of music played amid the palms, and he was so devoted that Jessica's heart beat high.

The week that followed was full of delights and of attentions from Cousin Bob and it was on St. Valentine's eve that Aunt Theodora came into Jessica's room and found that young lady in a pink dressing gown brushing her shining hair.

Aunt Theodora was in gray flannel, and her hair was in crimping pins.

"Jessica," she said solemnly, "if she sunk into a big chair, "if Bob proposes to you, don't accept him the first time he asks."

Jessica stared at her.

"Oh, Aunt Theodora," she stammered, "Cousin Bob isn't a bit in love with me."

Aunt Theodora sniffed.

"Well, he has reached a condition very much like it," she informed her niece. "It doesn't take Bob very long to make up his mind, and he has known you for years. But I know him, and he'll value your love if you don't let him see it too easily."

And then she went away, while Jessica sat like a crumpled rose leaf on the foot of the bed and wept.

For that afternoon she had mailed the lace valentine to Cousin Bob. And now if he should discover that she had sent it and should despise her for showing her real feeling!

She made up her mind that he should not find out, and then she went to bed to sleep restlessly, but through her troubled dreams ran the comforting hope that Cousin Bob really loved her.

It was a pale little Jessica who came down to the breakfast table the next morning. Aunt Theodora was not there, but Cousin Bob was. He was opening his mail, and to hide her agitation Jessica began to open hers. On top was a great box, and within was a bunch of violets and two fragrant American Beauties, and on a card was written in Cousin Bob's familiar writing:

Roses red and violets blue,
My heart to you is ever true.

She looked up and her eyes met his. In his hand he held the valentine she had sent. But his eyes were not dancing. There was in them instead a very tender light.

"Jessica," he said softly—"Jessica, did you send me this?"

Remembering Aunt Theodora's warning, she tried to say "No," but she was a truthful little maiden.

"Yes," she whispered and bent over her flowers. Then she explained elaborately: "But of course valentines don't mean anything. Everybody sends lots of them."

The brightness went out of his face. "I sent only one," he stated sternly. "The roses and the violets spoke to me of you, Jessica, and took me back to the verses I sent you when I was a little lad. And I meant every word of it. Will you marry me, Jessica?"

The proposal came so suddenly that it found her all unprepared. Her heart pounded madly. She forgot Aunt Theodora. She forgot everything but that he loved her.

"Yes," she whispered as she heard her aunt's step upon the stairs.

"And the beauty of it," was the way Cousin Bob upset Aunt Theodora's fine theories when that night he told her of their engagement, "was her girlishness. A woman of the world would have held me off, but it was her sweet surrender that won me. I was sure she loved me from the first."

The Taste of Tin.

A man may live in the city and buy a squash and eat it. That is all he can do with a boughten squash, for a squash that he cannot raise he cannot store or take delight in outside of pie. And can a man live where his garden is a grocery, his storehouse a grocery, his bins, cribs, mows and attics so many pasteboard boxes, bottles and tin cans. Tinned squash in pie may taste like any squash pie, but it is no longer squash. And is a squash nothing if not pie? Oh, but he gets a lithograph squash upon the can to show him how the pulp looked or God made it. This is a sop to his higher sensibilities. It is a commercial reminder, too, that life even in the city should be more than pie. It is also the commercial way of preserving the flavor of the canned squash, else he would not know whether he were eating squash or pumpkin or sweet potato. But, then, it makes little difference. All things taste the same in the city—all taste of tin.—Dallas Lore Sharp in Atlantic.

Buying Books.

A library is something more than a collection of books. An imposing array of sumptuous and untouched volumes does not make one. Your books should express your own individuality, says a writer in the Delineator. Do not let any one persuade you to buy a book you know is not your kind of book. Do not be lured into buying a handsome library edition of some author that you do want if the library edition is heavy and uncomfortable to hold and your own preference is a comfortable pocket edition with flexible covers. And, above all, if you are building up a home library to which the whole family is to have free access do not choose bindings of such delicate colors or expensive texture as to destroy all the comforts of reading.

Two Views.

"I suppose," said the young statesman, "that the first thing I want to do is to learn to say exactly what I mean."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "and after that you may find it necessary to say exactly what you don't mean."—Washington Star.

Got Them In the Bill.

Visitor—Go to the proprietor and tell him to make my bill out properly and write omelette with two "t's" and not one. Waiter (a few minutes later)—It's all right now, sir; omelet, 1 shilling; two teas, 2 shillings.—London Answers.

ROPE SUPERSTITIONS.

Odd Beliefs About the Cure of Cancer and Mumps.

"Yes, I am heartily glad that execution by hanging is passing out of existence," said the jailer of twenty-five years' service. "Not only was hanging by the neck a grewsome, horrible affair to sit, but it was always followed by a host of requests for a bit of the rope with which the hanging was done. Of course, these requests came mostly from ignorant people, but they were no less of a nuisance on that account. Oh, no, they didn't want bits of the rope for morbid reasons, but because they firmly believed in the old superstition that a bit of rope used in a hanging would cure mumps if rubbed on the affected part. None of them ever came back to report whether a cure was effected, but I reckon if there had been any cures I would have heard of them.

"That isn't the only rope superstition, by the way. In Maine, where I came from, some folk always use hempen rope for the thumps. A piece of it is tied around the waist of the sick person, so that the disease will not creep to any vital part, but remain in the face. The superstition is observed by a few people of this day, and if you go into small remote country towns in Maine you will see hempen ropes hanging in the corner grocery store, bearing a label, 'Ropes For Mumps.'"—New York Tribune.

LAST WORDS.

Thoughts That Marked the Passing of Some Noted Men.

There is a collection of "last words" of celebrated men which contains many beautiful and startling phrases. Whether they were really uttered by the men to whom they have been credited, says the Berliner-Post, is another matter. "This the words of Augustus, 'The comedy is at an end—did I play my part well?' are known to nearly every reader. The collection of last words of great physicians published by 'The British Medical Journal' gives Haller credit for saying, 'The artery beats—it beats no more,' and says of Nothnagel that he wrote: 'The night of July 6, after a violent attack of angina pectoris, * * * I will die of arterial exhaustion.'" Corner, Bright and Brodie died with blessings upon their lips, and Darwin, looking death calmly in the face, said, 'I really do not fear death.' Loesitz's last words were flippant: 'An revoir, gentlemen. At the autopsy we will meet again.' None of these classic sentences, however, impress one so much as did the words of one of the few mortals who to our knowledge went into the unknown with minds unillumed. He was an old man who had lived a good and full life. With his last breath he said: 'It is not yet time. I want to stay—that was the voice of nature."

The Next Duty.

"What is my next duty? What is the thing that lies nearest to me?"

"That belongs to your everyday history. No one can answer that question but yourself. Your next duty is just to determine what your next duty is. Is there nothing you neglect? Is there nothing you know you ought not to do? You would know your duty if you thought in earnest about it and were not neighbors of great things."

"Ah, then," responded, she, "I suppose it is something very commonplace, which will make life more dreary than ever. That cannot help me."

"It will if it be as dreary as reading the newspapers to an old deaf aunt; it will soon lead you to something more. Your duty will begin to comfort you at once, but will at length open the unknown fountain of life in your heart."—George Macdonald.

His Draw.

A very pretty girl had a bashful artist for a sweetheart, but he would never come to the point. One night after he had made a desperate attempt to test her feelings she looked at him in a very significant way.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, with a startled look.

"Do you profess to be an artist?" she replied evasively.

"Yes."

"Do you think you are a good one?"

"I flatter myself that I am."

"Well, I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"Because you cannot even draw an inference."

He did, though, and now they draw conclusions.

Victims of Heredity.

It has been shown that criminal tendencies depend on heredity and social and physiological circumstances. The most important of these is heredity. Just as no amount of ambition will enable a man to write a Shakespearean drama if he have not the talent, so it is preposterous to expect in a child of vicious parents, brought up among vicious surroundings, that moral tone which would characterize the finest type of humankind.—Strand Magazine.

Precious Models.

"Just think, somebody broke into my studio last night. Unfortunately I had just begun a study in still life."

"Was it stolen?"

"No, but the models were—a ham and some sausages."—London Tit-Bits.

Reassuring.

First Actor—I am in a quandary. I have been offered an engagement by two managers; and I don't know how to act. Second Actor—Well, don't worry. They'll soon find it out.

Do not neglect to keep your boots polished. You can always shine at one end if you cannot at the other.

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The Ownership of Ptolemy Caesar.

By LEONARD FRANK ADAMS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Jessie Morgan.

Ravenor stood in the library in all the luxury of early morning negligee. A gorgeous bathrobe swathed his big frame from his chin to his heels. His feet were thrust into a pair of comfortable looking Turkish slippers. Between his lips was a cigarette, deep drafts of which he inhaled thoughtfully as he eyed the man in the chair by the window. The latter was responsible for Ravenor's appearance downstairs at this unseemly hour.

Ravenor's early caller was not prepossessing. Indeed, he was distinctly otherwise. His eyes were small, watery blue and shifty. His underjaw was weak, and his seedy clothes and frayed linen were none too clean. Beside him, its own smart appearance in striking contrast to the man's general out at the elbows air, crouched a Boston terrier.

"Want to sell me the pup, I suppose," Ravenor said pleasantly. "That's why you're here, isn't it? That's why you got me out of bed at this un-Christian hour?"

The man nodded hopefully.

"Sure," he admitted. "I thought you'd like a chance at 'im so long's I got to raise the dough."

"Where'd you get him?" Ravenor asked sharply.

"Raised 'im from a pup, s'elp me," the man responded glibly. "An' I wouldn't be sellin' 'im if I didn't need the coin the worst way. I c'ud as 'ow yop was open for a good trade in 'is line, so I brought 'im round. 'E's all right, now, ain't 'e? Stand up, Ptolemy, an' give the gent a good look at you."

The dog obediently stood up, and Ravenor's eyes lighted with interest. There could be no denying that Ptolemy was a fine specimen of his breed. His cleap cut head, his well shaped shoulders, even his crooked little tail, all bespoke that.

"I got 'is pedigree 'ere on this paper," the man observed, drawing a dirty envelope from his pocket.

"Oh, never mind that," Ravenor replied, with a meaning grin. "What do you want for him?"

"I'd oughter get fifty, an' 'e's dirt cheap at that."

"Tell you what I'll do—I'll give you thirty."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I can't be too fussy, boss," he said. "I need the money, an' I need it bad. So long as I know 'e's goin' into good 'ands I guess there ain't nothin' for me to do but to take you up, though it's most like givin' 'im to you at that price."

Ravenor counted out the bills and handed them to the man, who ran them over with grimy fingers and departed, with a sigh and a sorrowful glance in the dog's direction, both of which were rather overdone.

Once the front door had closed behind him, Ravenor tossed his cigarette into the fireplace and pressed the button on the wall.

"Annie," he said to the second girl, who answered his summons, "I've just bought this pup. He answers to the name of—Ptolemy. Take him downstairs and give him a feed; then let him out in the back yard. I'm going upstairs. You may call me at 10."

Ravenor went upstairs to resume his interrupted slumbers, and Ptolemy, having fared sumptuously at the hands of the cook, was turned loose in the back yard, where he galloped about gleefully, enjoying a rare half hour's sport with quite a retinue of attendants and making desperate endeavors to catch the sparrows which now and again flutte d into the yard.

It was perhaps three-quarters of an hour after the sale that a cautious whistle sounded from the alley side of the high fence which inclosed the back yard. Ptolemy, with a yelp of joy, answered it. The back gate swung noiselessly open, just far enough for the dog to squeeze through. He was gathered up by the seedy man who had interviewed Ravenor in the library, thrust unceremoniously, beneath his coat and borne down the alley at a shuffling run.

Therefore when Ravenor made his appearance at 11 o'clock no Ptolemy answered his repeated whistlings. Annie and the cook protested weepingly their complete mystification in the dog's disappearance. Sure, they had thought him right in the yard all the time, they declared. He'd been chasing the sparrows and yelping there not ten minutes since. Ravenor searched the back yard thoroughly, the tool house, the little shed that held the ash barrels, even the coil of hose that lay in one corner, but no trace of his recent purchase could he find.

After lunch he went downtown to put an advertisement of his loss in the paper. The afternoon being particularly fine, he decided to walk home. He had reached the little square where Norwood street crosses the avenue and was striding briskly past the statue in the center of the diminutive park when a dog in full cry after a flock of elusive sparrows dashed past him.

There could be no mistaking that head, those clean cut shoulders, the distinctive markings of the neck and flank. Ravenor started in pursuit of the dog.

"Here, you, Ptolemy, Ptolemy! Come here! Come here, I say!" he cried.

The dog stopped, seemed to debate for a moment, then came toward Ravenor, wriggling his twisted stump of a tail in ridiculous apology.

"Nice way you deserted me this morning, wasn't it?" said Ravenor severely. "Come on with me now. No more back yard orgies for you unless some one has an eye on you."

He started homeward, the dog following meekly at his heels, but before he reached the other side of the park he caught the quick tread of light footfalls. An agitated voice close behind him was saying, "Oh, I beg your pardon."

He swung around and found himself face to face with Katherine Gray. Ravenor unconsciously stiffened. It was a trifle disconcerting to come thus abruptly upon a girl with whom he had quarreled but a short week before—a girl who before that quarrel had been the subject of his everyday dream.

The girl was equally surprised and embarrassed. She caught her breath in a little gasp, and the quick color mounted her cheeks. Almost instantly, however, she had recovered her poise.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," she said coldly. "I merely came for my dog. I saw he was following you."

"Your dog!" said Ravenor.

"My dog," she repeated.

Ravenor looked uncomfortable, but he faced her resolutely.

"There must be a mistake about this," said he. "I'm very sure he's mine."

"Yours?"

"Let me prove it to you. He knows his name. Here, Ptolemy."

The dog came obediently to Ravenor's side. He sat down and looked up expectantly.

The girl gasped. "I don't understand it," she said. "Now let me try the same proof. Here, Caesar."

The dog trotted over to her and repeated his maneuvers.

"Good heavens!" said Ravenor, utterly bewildered for the moment. Then suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Did you buy him recently?" he asked.

"This afternoon," she confessed.

"Of a seedy, shifty eyed man?"

She nodded.

Ravenor drew a long breath; then he laughed. "That explains it," he declared. "I bought him of the same man at 7 this morning."

"Oh!" said the girl; then she, too, fell to laughing.

"Come," said Ravenor at length, "let me walk home with you, and there we'll decide who has the better claim to Caesar or Ptolemy, or whatever his name is."

It was a long talk they had before a roaring fire in the cozy hall. It settled many points besides the ownership of the dog. When it was finished it was twilight, and two very contented young people were enjoying their rightful heritage of happiness again.

"And about the dog?" Ravenor suggested when he finally arose to leave.

"You take him," she said. "He's really yours by right of priority. You bought him first."

"I'll tell you," Ravenor said, with conviction. "Let's call him Ptolemy Caesar and own him jointly, and—and—let's—er—well, fix it so we can have him with us both, you know. Will you, Katherine?"

The girl fell to laughing until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, what a way of putting it!" she cried, but there was a light in her eyes that brought Ravenor to her side.

And the newly christened Ptolemy Caesar leaped about them with yelps of joy.

Canning's Wedding.

I was to be best man, and Pitt, Canning and Mr. Leigh, who was to read the service, dined with me before the marriage, which was to take place in Brook street. We had a coach to drive there, and as we went through that narrow part, near what was then Swallow street, a fellow drew up against the wall to avoid being run over and, peering into the coach, recognized Pitt and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite him.

The fellow exclaimed, "What, Billy Pitt, and with a parson too?"

I said, "He thinks you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately," which was rather impudent of me, but Pitt was too much absorbed, I believe, in thinking of the marriage to be angry.

After the ceremony he was so nervous that he could not sign as witness, and Canning whispered to me to sign without waiting for him. He regarded the marriage as the one thing needed to give Canning the position necessary to lead a party, and this was the cause of his anxiety about it, which I would not have believed had I not witnessed it, though I knew how warm was the regard he had for Canning. Had Canning been Pitt's own son I do not think he could have been more interested in all that related to his marriage.—"Letters of John Hookham Frere."

Killing a King.

In all monarchies the killing of the king or emperor, the Law Journal of London points out, "is perhaps the gravest form of high treason." The Journal adds: "In one country, Italy, sentence of death cannot be imposed, and in Portugal we believe that capital punishment is not used, if not abolished. Under the law of treason of the United Kingdom, which has been applied to most of the king's dominions abroad, with or without statutory modifications, the killing of the king is a capital offence by the statute of treasons. It is there described as 'compassing or imagining the death of our lord the king.' By later legislation (of 1800) the elaborate provisions special to trials for treason do not apply to assassination of the sovereign or a direct attempt on his life, and such offenses are tried in the same manner as willful murder. The result is that in substance, though not in form, the killing of the sovereign is triable and punishable in the same manner as the willful murder of a subject, but the crown may direct the execution to be by decapitation instead of hanging."

What She Was Trying to Accomplish.

The other morning at the breakfast table three-year-old Jeannette was poking vigorously with her knife at a biscuit.

"What are you trying to do, Jeannette?" demanded mother. "Be careful; you will cut your hand."

Said Jeannette, "I'm trying to unloosen this biscuit; it's so tight!"—New York Times.

Reputation and Character.

Lawyer (examining jury)—Do you understand the difference between character and reputation? Juror—Reputation is the name your neighbors give you; character is the one they take from you.—Judge.

CRYSTAL GAZING.

If You Want to Try It, This Will Tell You How to Proceed.

Having satisfied myself that some people really would see hallucinatory pictures in a glass ball or in water, I examined the ethnological side of the question. I found by studying works of travel and anthropology that many savage and barbarous races gaze into water, polished basalt, rock crystals, and so on, for the purpose of seeing distant events, foreseeing the future, detecting criminals, and so forth. It does not seem to me credible that so many and so widely separated peoples should agree with ancient Greeks and the races of western Europe in staring away if they did not see hallucinatory pictures. So I believe that some people do see them. Nor is this fact now denied by professors of psychology.

I have never been able to foresee from character, complexion, habit of mind and other indications what persons would prove capable of describing even fancy pictures in a glass ball. The best gazers of my acquaintance, those who hit on pictures coincidental with actual events unknown to them or with the secret thoughts of a companion, are both of them not unfamiliar with other curious experiences. But I have tried with the glass ball two or three other friends who have seen what are vulgarly called "ghosts" in haunted houses, and in the glass ball they can see nothing, while people who never saw ghosts do see "coincidental" pictures in a glass ball.

If any readers care to make experiments, they can begin by purchasing a ball, or, of course, a glass jug of water will do, or even a teaspoonful of ink, in some cases, but both are inconvenient and may spill. Having got the ball, it is best to go alone into a room, sit down with the back to the light, place the ball at a just focus in the lap on a dark dress or a dark piece of cloth, try to exclude reflections, think of anything you please and stare for five minutes, say, at the ball. That is all. If after two or three trials you see nothing in the way of pictures in the ball, you will probably never succeed.—Andrew Lang.

Circumstantial Evidence.

During a discussion in regard to circumstantial evidence a lawyer told of a remarkable case which, he said, appears in the Virginia reports. It was this:

A man was discovered drawing a knife from the prostrate form of another man near a roadside. The witnesses rushed upon him and took the weapon from him. It was still dripping with the warm blood of the victim. He was accused of the murder, but asserted his innocence. He claimed that he had happened along the road but a few moments before and saw his alleged victim struggling with another man. Before he could come up the unknown had driven his knife home and had fled into some brush close by. Seeing the knife still in the breast of the fallen man, he stooped over and drew it forth just as his accusers came on the scene. That was his story. The knife being identified as the property of the accused, no credence whatever was placed in his tale. He was tried, convicted and hanged.

A year later the man who had really committed the crime while on his deathbed confessed that he was the murderer and told how he had stolen the knife from the innocent man who had been sent to the gallows.

A Perfect Marriage.

Most people know and admire the work of the versatile William Blake, poet and artist, but few people know the story of his perfect marriage, for a perfect marriage it was indeed. In 1780 Blake fell in love with a pretty girl called Clara Woods, but she did not care for him, and the blow was a severe one to the impressionable young man. He left London and took up his abode at Richmond, where he lodged with a nursery gardener named Boucher. Mr. Boucher had a beautiful daughter, Catherine, and she became the confidant of the poet's love affair, and her generous sympathy so cheered Blake's mental sufferings that he gradually fell in love with the gentle girl. His affection was warmly returned, and Catherine Boucher married William Blake on Aug. 18, 1782. It was an ideal union. The young husband took a delight in teaching his wife, who was all eagerness to learn, and the modest gardener's daughter became eventually a cultured woman, who was an ardent hero worshiper of her clever husband and who cheered his life more than any one else could. Mrs. Blake learned to color her husband's drawings and was extraordinarily adept in the work.

Discovery of Osteopathy.

The man who discovered osteopathy was a great sufferer from headache," said a man who claims to know. "He tried every remedy on earth almost, but could get no permanent relief. One day he had a terrible headache and went out into his front yard to lie under the shade of a big tree and rest his throbbing head on the cooling grass. Suspended from a limb of the tree was a rope swing used by the children. The man lay under this swing for awhile and finally put the rope under his head to act as a support. In a few moments he was surprised and pleased to find that his headache was much better. In half an hour the pain had gone. He began an investigation. He discovered that the rope swing pressed on the nerve in the back of the head. This pressure stopped the headache. With more study he decided that many pains could be relieved if nerves could be given the proper treatment—a massage. He started an osteopathic school and has made a grand success."—Nashville Tennessean.

The Order of St. Patrick.

The most illustrious Order of St. Patrick" dates only from 1783, says a London writer, when it was founded by George III., and is not to be compared in age with "the most ancient and most noble Order of the Thistle," which, dating from a remote antiquity, was revived by James II. in 1687. The curious thing about the bands or ribbons of these two orders is that St. Patrick's is blue of the hue that may be seen in the "hackles," or plumes, in the bearskins of the Irish guards, though it suggests the side belts of Scotland, while the wash of the thistle is a dark green, suggestive of Erin's verdant isle. On state ceremonies these two orders are frequently confounded.

Strategy.

"How did pa act when you asked him for my hand?"

"Very gentle and courteous. It quite took me by surprise."

"I told him you used to be a pugilist."—Houston Post.

Too Late.

Muriel—Why didn't you marry him? Everybody says he has reformed. Maud—Yes, but he reformed too late. His money was all gone.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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